WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

MAGAZINE NUMBER

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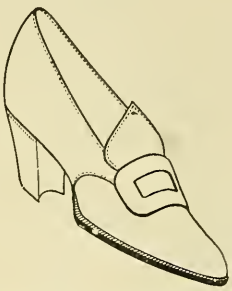

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A SPRING GARDEN.

A PASSING wind blew by my window, bringing with it the smell of cedars, and so touched into life long-remembered scenes. It began with play and led to reality.

"I will follow this wind wherever it blows," I said; and closing my eyes, I passed with it into a grove of flowering cedars. Green grasses stirred under my feet as I moved swiftly before the breeze; a sky spread blue above me; and endless stretches of yellow cedar blossoms breathed in the same warm sunlight I did, and bent to the same breezes. A spring fragrance filled the grove with a sweetness so intense it set my blood to dancing; the wish to inhale all that sweetness in one deep breath possessed me like a madness. And pulling down a low limb toward me, I broke off a branch of yellow blossoms, brushed their warm petals against my cheeks, my lips, then tore them apart by handfuls, and let them drift, drift, through loose fingers like a yellow rain upon the grass. And all the while the pungent smell of the torn branch hung in the air, bringing to my consciousness a strange sense of realness. I thought a dark face bent over me, and I heard a deep voice speak in low-toned reproach, "For shame; why must you find pleasure in destroying things so beautiful?"

With these words, recognition of time and place and scene flashed upon me. I had found my way back into Spring Garden again; had come into the very heart of its beauty, and into the presence of my father, as he had surprised me that day in the cedars.

Spring Garden—the very name is inwrought with tender memories of that summer of 1897; memories that begin with my father and end with my father; and have throughout them cedars and cool running waters, warm winds and moving shadows of trees and people.

As I sat at my window, it was easy to follow the impulse of the wind and slip back into the self of those far past days; to hear lost sounds of laughter and cries borne back again upon the winds that swept through hot grasses and tree-tops of a day, and blew in cold at the windows, and followed down the long passageways of nights. I am under the impression that I was blown into Spring Garden on a gust of wind so fierce it might have torn me away altogether, had not my father's arms clasped me so close to him. Yet in later years, when I questioned my mother about it, she had smiled and said: "Your father rode with you in his arms all the way from Hope Bay to Spring Garden. I kissed you good-bye myself."

I remember that after the wind had let me go I felt the sensations of being carried up steps and more steps, and more steps; of hearing, at the end of motion, a voice from afar off saying, "She is asleep, I think, Rosey." Then of opening my eyes into a half-darkened room in which huge pieces of furniture loomed up before me like gravestones in a churchyard.

I recall that the same wind which brought me to Spring Garden linked itself with all the most vivid things of my life there, of scene and mood and thought. And sometimes it identified itself strangely with my father. At those times when he came in late of an evening from the plantation, his great coat blown like a full sail behind him, his face and hair dripping with rain; and again at nights, when with a lantern rocking at his side, he disappeared down the passageway and mounted the steps to his distant room, and behind him rushed noises as of doors slamming in ever-increasing volume of sound, echoing and re-echoing through the walls. Else how dare he stay alone at the top of the house like that, I wondered, when Nana Rosey with her daughter Ellen and Douglas and I slept close together in double rooms? Yet even then I knew from the hush in her voice at nights that Nana Rosey herself was afraid lest some old-time spirit of the place would overhear her and come stalking in upon us through the high doorway.

"How the Bucha can sleep way off alone in this overgrown house is more than I can tell," she was always saying. "If it was for me now, I would shut up all those heaps of rooms and bar the doors and leave those parts entirely alone. I don't set much store nohow in places where strange folks uster eat and walk and sleep."

I never dared tell Nana Rosey that the place had become an enchanted one to me because of those same people; that when the wind flapped through her shawl on the window at night I would lay awake for hours listening to it and thinking about them; that in the daytime I took awesome delight in sitting on all the cushioned chairs in the drawing-room, upon which they had once sat; in opening doors that led unexpectedly into closets or shadowed rooms; in pulling out drawers from the tall

dressers and finding old fans, stuffed birds, or tassels which they had touched in the past.

It was my father who first found out about them as he came upon me on the terrace one early morning, when the dew still veiled the grass with silvered mist and hung like rain-drops upon the rose-leaves.

"I suppose they must 'a loved roses better than anything else," I said aloud, shaking the rose-bushes dry as I passed, "they have so many pink ones and white ones and yellow ones."

"Good morning, who is they?" asked my father's voice just then.

"They that used to live here before they died," I answered; and upon my father's questioning I told him about them. He looked gravely at me then, I remember, and said, "I fear your mother would think I am neglecting you sadly," and took my hand in his and walked with me through the garden.

"How would you like to go to school?" he asked me suddenly. "Douglas and you shall go to-morrow with the banana trams to Atherton."

The next morning I went to school; and in the days that followed I was with my father more than formerly. Together we walked over the hills to the cocoa-fields, where I would watch the women spread out their cocoa-beans by the basketful for drying in the sun, or go down to the waterway and lie in the grass for hours at a time, listening to the sound of waters, like running music through the stones; or go further up the stream to watch in fascination the water which had flowed so quietly between its stone-walls suddenly rush over the precipice in a mad torrent of seething foam and leap out roaring between the spokes of the giant water-wheel.

Thus, led by my father's guidance, I came to feel the spell of the outdoor world. A bird's clear note, moving grasses, a sweeping wind, would stir me with strange emotions and make me sing out in joy. I remember standing in a blowing wind at the slope of the hill one day, so happy it seemed as if I had stood there for all time. I never knew that Ellen came beside till her voice broke in on my mood, shouting:

"How old are you? Are you seven or six? I know I am older than you."

I turned on her in a passion. "I'm not six, nor seven. I'm a hundred; I've lived forever!"

My father left me before the end of the summer, I remember, not long after the coming of his new cedar chest, which was made from cedars growing in Spring Garden, and delighted me because his room smelled so sweetly of them, and the smell of outdoors hung in his clothes.

Nana Rosey met me that day with a sad face, when on coming home from school I asked, "Where's papa?"

But Ellen told me: "They fetched him away in a wagon to the hospital at Buff Bay. He was sitting up against two chairs, placed upside down so; and I followed the wagon all the way down to the cross road at the foot of the hill."

"You are to go with Swiah to see him to-morrow," added Nana Rosey.

And on the morrow Swiah drove me over the coast to Buff Bay. We kept high cliffs to the left and a sea to the right all the way till we drove into the town and stopped before the whitewashed hospital. My mother met me at the door and kissing me, took me in to my father. Then she sent me to play in the yard.

For many days following I played in that yard under pleasant trees, till one afternoon my mother led me to a strange piazza overlooking the little gray church across the street, and told me I should keep very still beside, and watch them take my father over to the churchyard. We neither of us spoke a word. I remember that I did not see my father because of the people that crowded into the yard. But a wind blowing our way brought with it strains of music,—the same wind, perhaps, which passed through Spring Garden bringing the smell of cedars.

NORAH FOOTE, 1912.

MASTERFUL MAN.

ANNIE sat on the floor in one of the little cells in the gymnasium dressing-room, deaf to the babel of sound arising from the other occupants of the room. Contrary to her usual habit, she did not join in the fragmentary conversation. Gloom sat upon her round face in bold contradiction to a general curving upward of line and feature. So deep was her trouble that no smile rose at the sight of her foot, the toe part of its stocking hanging emptily from her heel. Small as this circumstance may seem, it bore witness to something of grave import, for Anna Edna Fosdick was not ordinarily absent-minded, and her sense of humor was usually so keen as to be the constant undoing of herself and her friends; and again, Anna Edna never thought when she could help it, nor was she by nature mournful; her youthful exuberance had won her the name of "Sunny Bump." Something must be seriously awry.

As she solemnly reversed the stocking, Annie gulped down a sob. Above the shrieks and squeals of casual conversation other voices rang in her ears, not so loud, but ten times more insistent. She saw herself at the breakfast table, watched an impish grin spread across her face. Her very words came back to her.

"Say, Rod—Ethelyn is now asserting that red hair is odious. Only last week she was raving about some radiant locks I know of! I do hope you haven't—uh—uh."

She heard for the second time Rodney's growl, "Aw, shut up!" and saw the angry crimson creep up under his freckles to meet the brick-red fuzz threatening his vision. She was childish enough to put her fingers in her ears, but she could not shut out the quick succession of taunt and retort any more than she could help seeing the orange light that filled her tight-shut eyes.

With a gusty sigh Anna Edna opened her eyes and set her fingers to idly picking at the hard knot in the lace of her sneaker. Her reflections were of a doleful, wandering nature. Why must she keep squabbling with her brother when she idolized him so? She frowned at the thought of how a combined reference to hair and a recent coolness between him and the last lady of his affections must have stung him. She had just reached the point of trying to decide why Rodney couldn't stand teasing when the knot distracted her, and she realized that it was much quieter in the dressing-room. As three voices were still raised in animated conversation, Annie resolved to stay in her cell till they went out, not yearning to be dubbed "Doleful Dump." The tangle of words began to resolve itself into intelligible remarks, and Annie followed the unravelling with interest. At the name of her bitterest enemy an eager look drove misery before it from her face. They pursued the subject further.

"Isabel hadn't touched her Vergil for the test and she had a pony right inside her book, but, my goodness! Mary Agnes Lamb wouldn't notice anything if she'd handed the pony in with her paper!"

"'d you see what Annie Fosdick did?"

"Wh-huh! Never saw Is blush before, but she did then, she sure did then!"

"What'd she do? What'd Annie do?"

"Why, even with the pony, of course, Isabel couldn't get the hang of that Greek accusative."

"'Course not. She considers grammar beneath her."

"Well—as I was saying when so rudely interrupted—she leaned over to copy Anna Edna's, considering her safer as a source of information than Yours Truly, on the other side of her. What did Sunny Bump do but calmly pick up her paper and hold it out to Is and wait for her to copy it!"

Annie added a reminiscent chuckle to their glee. Then all that was Fosdick in her rose up in a blush of shame that she, despiser of cheats, should eavesdrop. With an impatient wriggle, she indignantly informed herself that people expected to be overheard in the dressing-room—and beside, she did hate Isabel Winsler so heartily! She turned her attention to the conversation again.

"Well, I know why she hadn't done her Vergil. She's got a new suitor, and she's devoting her time to him."

"She usually does have one. Worst fusser in school."

"Well, this is a new one. I heard her tell Jean this morning that he's no tight-wad, and she expects to get a lot out of him. He was there last night and two nights ago, and brought her candy. Going some!"

"Oh, that's Rodney Fosdick. He must have squabbled with Evelyn; she's been as glum as a street-cleaner all day."

Here Annie's back stiffened suddenly. Her interest in the conversation absorbed her entirely.

"That's right. I bet he didn't like it 'cause she has two or three boys around her all the time. He wants to monopolize a girl all the time."

"Well, Is will let him do it till she gets all she wants out of him. She knows she can take her pick any day."

"I heard her boast about how many she'd had since Easter! I think she's the limit."

"You know she's lots of fun sometimes. What do you know about that! Alliene's gone and sneaked my jumper. I'll just help myself to the

clean one she's saving for the game. It's a shame Is is that way about men."

"T'isn't her fault. My mother says it's a sin and a shame to bring a girl up the way she was."

"Well, she's got the reputation among the boys of being ready to flirt with anyone, any time. Horrid!"

"No worse than for the boys to do it. Rodney Fosdick would spoon with anything!"

"You seem to know, Ruth! It's true, though."

"Did you ever know a boy that wouldn't if a girl gave him half a chance? Come on if you're ready."

The door squeaked and Anna Edna Fosdick was left alone with her anger and grief. She knew that what they had said was true, that Rodney was as dampened clay in the hands of any girl who attracted him. Then hatred of Isabel surged up, submerging all other thoughts. Hard lines appeared about her mouth, and her eyes were moist with passion. She rose suddenly, rushed to the window, pulled herself up to the sill and dropped out into the sunny garden, unoccupied save by babies and nurse-maids. She paused to control her expression, then sauntered around to the garden door of the gymnasium, whistling "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night."

Once inside the door she was hailed by indignant friends who had been waiting for her to begin their basket-ball practice. Vouchsafing no reply to their questions save a mocking, "Don't you wish you knew?" she looked around for her enemy. To her joy Isabel was out in center, where she herself played. Annie grinned slyly and walked quickly out to her position. As she waited for the rest to take their places, she sized up her opponent. Her eyes passed from the smooth, fair hair, marcelled and netted, to the visible end of her own chunky drab pigtail; from the spotless blouse with its jaunty tie to her own smutty jumper, devoid of even a lacing. Isabel was tall, slender, graceful. Annie, much shorter, broader, and very solid. The coach stepped up with the ball balanced on one hand, and Anna Edna clenched her fists, waiting for the whistle. Forwards and guards, baskets, all faded from her consciousness. The game resolved itself into a struggle between herself and Isabel for the ball, as symbolic of other things. All her stored-up passion was turned to energy as she jumped and, slapping blindly at the ball, felt the sting of the leather against her hand.

She played a wonderful game, less skilful than Isabel's, prodigally wasteful of energy, yet absolutely successful. Whenever the ball went in center, Annie was there too, a second later, absolutely indifferent as to how she got there, or what happened on her arrival. Some instinct, working blindly, kept her within the lines: she played a "clean" game, made no fouls, and finished the afternoon as untired as at the beginning, amazed at Isabel's exhaustion.

By dinner time, however, the exhilaration had passed, and she was too tired to eat. Her whole body ached, and her nerves were raw from the excitement and passions of the day. During the meal she hardly spoke, answered her father's questions with monosyllables, and fixed on Rodney a reproachful gaze from eyes which burned drily, though tears were not far off. Even the Monday night rice-pudding failed to rouse its wonted indignation.

After dinner was over, and her father had retired to his office, Annie hung herself carelessly over the stair-rail in the hall and watched her brother produce from under his overcoat a neat white box and take his hat from the rack. Although she knew it was futile, she essayed a remonstrance.

"Ah, Rod—you promised to show me how to work your wireless to-night!"

"Sorry, kid—I have another and more important engagement. It cuts me to the quick to refuse thee, but—'Everyday is ladies' day for me.'"

As he burst into song, Rodney made a mincing bow, and swung his long legs in lively ballet step. His sister, aching to blame someone for her uncomfortable feelings, threw precaution to the winds.

"I know where you're going, too, and what kind of a girl you're going to call on!"

She see-sawed across the bannister as she spoke. Rodney ceased his dance, and his eyes narrowed.

"Why don't you say what you mean? Out with it!"

Anna thrust out her chin and answered promptly: "You're going to see Isabel Winsler, and you're only the 'steen dozenth fellow she's dangled since Easter."

"Pooh! Whyn't you try minding your own business for a change?"

Rodney's tone, even more than his words, was insulting to the last degree. His sister felt rising within her the misplaced zeal of those who take upon themselves the duty of imparting disagreeable information to others.

"It is my business, too. Do you suppose I like to hear girls say that Isabel Winsler is getting all she can out of my brother? She beasts of 'her fellows,' and tells what they give her, and says she just likes them for what they bring her. That's the kind of a girl you're spending your money on!"

"Jealous, aren't you," sneered Rodney. "If you weren't such a baby and a prude, maybe you'd get a fellow, too."

"I'm not jealous of Isabel Winsler—I'm not!" Annie emphasized her denial with a nod so emphatic that it nearly caused her downfall. She righted herself, however, angrier than before, and

proceeded: "She's a cheat and a flirt, and she slugs in basket-ball and lies to her mother"—

"Quit it! Dry up! You just keep your tongue off my friends, d'you understand? Just like you women! You're jealous, and then you dig up a lot of catty remarks to make. You never hear a fellow knock that way!"

Sticking the box of candy aggressively under his arm, Rodney laid his hand on the door-knob.

"Oh, don't you?" mocked Annie; "Oh, don't you? And how about fellows that knock their own sisters when they're only trying to warn them?"

A derisive laugh from Rodney made Anna Edna plant herself hastily on her feet, preparatory to delivering her most telling shot.

"For all you may say," she shouted at the retreating back of her brother, "you know mighty well that not one of the boys, nor you either, has a mite of respect for Isabel, and that you only go to see her because she'll spoon with you, and make you think you're it!"

The slamming of the outer door terminated her frenzied oration. She turned, pulled herself wearily up-stairs, till she reached the top of the flight. Here she sat down and wept softly, but none the less violently. At length, to her vexation, the tears would come no longer. She forced out a few sobs, then desisted from sheer boredom. The thought of conversation appealed to her for a moment, but the sound of the housekeeper's voice rising and falling angularly as she harangued the cook, disgusted her. So, despite the earliness of the hour, she resolved to go to bed.

Once in her room, from force of habit, she turned to a calendar of proverbs hanging over her desk. Although hating proverbs and calendars in general, the workings of a methodical nature led her to protestingly tear off a leaf a day. She read over the one she had unearthed the evening before—"Familiarity breeds contempt." That morning she had denied its truth. Now an application occurred to her as she remembered that, on first meeting Isabel, her feelings had been those of awed admiration. Annie grunted angrily and pulled the calendar from its thumb-tack, shying it under the bed. She undressed hastily, jerked the snarls out of her hair, inflicted all possible injuries upon herself during her rapid ablutions, murmuring over, without thinking them, or willing to do so, the words of the proverb. After she had tossed about for an endless period of time, she heard Rodney come up-stairs and pause at her door.

"Asleep, kid?" he whispered. Annie began to breathe deeply and evenly, and Rodney soon went on down the hall.

Next morning, at the breakfast table, Anna Edna was all smiles. She greeted her father with her usual airy flippancy. Biding her time, she addressed her brother in a tone oozing sweetness.

"Suppose you'll take Isabel to the next Frat dance, Rod?"

"What's it to you if I do?" snapped Rodney suspiciously.

Annie smiled sweetly and answered in an elaborately careless manner:

"Oh, nothing, only I thought as long as I was going too, I might as well ask Is to spend the night. Save you the trouble of taking her home."

Rodney stared in great astonishment. There was something of disappointment in his wonder, that a hitherto mettlesome opponent should yield suddenly without apparent reason. He only assumed a fatherly tone as he answered:

"No diff to me if you do. Isabel is a girl it would do you good to know."

Annie pushed back her chair very suddenly and departed for school. With characteristic energy she at once began devoting her time, spare and otherwise, to the cultivating of Isabel Winsler. By the day of the dance she was on terms of easy familiarity with her enemy. Then the school became conscious of the changed relations and drew its own conclusions.

"Say, Anna Edna Fosdick! Thought you disapproved of crushes—and cheats," was the way Kit Bent phrased public opinion. Annie smiled mysteriously, whereupon Kit seized her fat braid and stared into her face.

"I do believe you've got a crush on her!"

"I have not!" protested Annie, flushing angrily at the thought.

"You're blushing, and that proves it! Haven't you done her Latin, taken her to Huyler's, carried her books, brought her fudge just like any primary? Haven't you?"

Annie tore her hair from Kit's clasp, and escaped, knowing that inside five minutes everyone in school would know the rumor.

It reached Isabel's ears in the course of its journeyings, but she had already expected it. Her attitude of amused tolerance did not change; she continued accepting all that Annie offered, and when Anna Edna Fosdick started out to do anything, she did it thoroughly. Daily she laid her pride and her scruples on the altar of a simulated affection, shamed by the thought of the deceit she was practicing. The culmination of her martyrdom came shortly before the end of the school term, when she invited Isabel to spend a month with her in their Lakeside bungalow. She had hoped that this last sacrifice might not be necessary, but Rodney still spent his evenings with Isabel. Annie nerved herself for the test by the mental picture of her brother.

with grateful tears in his eyes, thanking her for his rescue. She issued the invitation.

Isabel accepted lazily.

"Tell me about what you do," she demanded.

"It's great," answered Annie, eager to talk on a subject about which she could truthfully be enthusiastic. "It's miles from anywhere. There is one bungalow near ours, and we've always known the people, a lady and her son. They're all we see much of, though there's a hotel across the lake where we go for dances. We have a motor boat and canoes, and we fish and swim and ride horseback, and shoot. Can you swim?"

"Some. Is the neighbor lady nice?"

"Mrs. Watchey.—Oh yes! She'd be nicer if she didn't rave about Bruce all the time. She just worships him."

"Is Bruce her son? Is he young?"

"He's her only doty. She bores people to death with her stories of him. Thinks he's going to have his pick of everything—girls included."

"Is he attractive?"

"She thinks so. She's always telling what a darling baby he was."

"He's a little boy, then."

"No—he's old—twenty-two, I guess, and very queer."

"Good-looking?"

"If you like lanky people, with long hair. He tags us everywhere. You'll see enough of him all right. He bores me to tears. Says I attract him immensely—more'n he does me. According to Bruce Watchey, he has an artistic disposition, but Dad says he never noticed anything artistic about Bruce but his disposition. Can't swim much or ride, and hates to bait hooks—bum shot. He writes poetry to any girl that'll talk to him five minutes."

"Has he ever written any to you?" Isabel languidly placed an arm over Annie's shoulders. The younger girl edged away.

"Me? Sure! Last summer. You could have knocked me over with a brick when I got it. Dad would be mad if he knew it. I just burnt it up, it was such trash. Rodney hates him."

The bell rang for class, and Isabel sauntered off. After that, whenever she could, she led the conversation to Bruce Watchey, till by the end of the term she had quite a complete mental picture of him. Perhaps it was the charm lent by the element of suspense, perhaps it was because, when the visit actually occurred, Bruce paid no attention to her, that Isabel came to interest herself in the lazy, nonchalant youth. It is certain that he was surprisingly attentive to Annie, considering the seven years' difference between their ages. As for Annie, she cheerfully accepted Bruce's company as a necessary evil, devoting her energies to keeping Isabel and Rodney constantly together. Whatever the relation of cause and effect, Isabel began to tire of her easy victory and long for a change. Bruce's content in the companionship of Annie piqued her, and, ever attracted by that which she had not, she set out to win him.

She seized the first opportunity in a masterful fashion. They were riding together, the four of them, walking their horses sedately as if they had been in a city park. Finally, Annie could stand it no longer. She gave her restive mare the rein.

"Can't catch me," she shouted back, "you red-faced Injun chief." With a whoop Rodney tore after her, leaving Isabel and Bruce to continue their stately promenade. Miss Winsler smiled and glanced at her companion out of the corners of her narrowed eyes.

"Aren't they children? It is good to see them enjoy themselves so thoroughly. I, too, once liked to race and tear around, but now—" Here Isabel placed a hand on the left side of her broad patent-leather belt. Bruce looked sympathetic, but not particularly interested. She tried again.

"We older people understand that the true worth of life is not in a noisy enjoyment, do we not, Mr. Watchey? I have noticed that you are as one apart."

The smug smile which spread over Bruce's face announced victory. After that it was easy. Isabel could outmaneuver Annie as Cleopatra could Octavia. She managed to keep both Bruce and Rodney at her side. After Annie had noticed her brother's growing disgust at finding himself a third party, she let things take their course. Her reward of patience was not long in coming.

Awakened one morning by a rain of pebbles on the floor, she scrambled out of bed and, going to the window, saw Rodney down below, dressed for an outing.

"Say, kid—come on and go fishing. I've found the grandest trout hole!"

"Shall I wake Isabel?" queried Annie innocently. She chuckled at Rodney's violent negative. Once out of doors she tested him further.

"I think we ought to take Is. It's mean to leave her asleep."

"Aw, she'll sleep till noon, and then Bruce will be there to fool with her. She'd scare the fish with that plaid rig of hers."

Anna Edna's joy was complete. The happiness of that morning repaid her for all she had endured during Isabel's visit. She did not mention her guest's name, however, nor did Rodney. They spoke rarely, but, as they splashed along in silence, the shared enjoyment of the cool of the water, and the brightness of the morning, the zest of sport, re-established between them the comradeship which

had been almost destroyed. Finally, weary, trouttless, but happy, they tramped home for lunch. No one was visible in the bungalow. Anna Edna went up-stairs to wash away the mud she had collected. As she splashed joyously, she heard a certain slow, sweet voice rising from the porch. She grinned, polished her face hastily, and descended by way of the banisters. To her surprise Rodney was alone on the piazza, while Isabel was headed for the Watcheys' cottage.

"Where's she going?" she inquired blankly.

"To Watchey's for lunch. You may be interested to hear that she and Bruce are engaged." Rodney's tone was one of disinterested disgust.

"Well, I'll be blowed! Honest? You're kidding!"

"Nope. She just told me. She's tried for him hard enough. That girl's the worst flirt! Glad I saw through her in the beginning. Wish you hadn't asked her up here, though. Don't see how you could be so crazy about her. You usually have more sense."

Anna gasped. Rodney warmed up to his subject, and proceeded: "I've got some notes of hers that'd give a lot to get back," he went on with a chuckle. "I'm glad of it, though. I didn't like seeing you round with Bruce so much. He's no sort for you."

"I can't bear him. I only"—

Rodney smiled in a superior way.

"It didn't look like it! But of course you'd say so. That's just like you women!"

In her amazement, Anna Edna murmured, "If that's not just like you men!"

DOROTHY Q. APPLEGATE, 1912.

THE PROSPECTOR.

A man bent over a camp-fire across which a blackened, battered coffee-pot hung on a sagging wire; he was frying bacon on a ragged slab cut from the side of a five-gallon oil-can. When the thick, streaked pieces were done to his satisfaction, he transferred them to a tin plate, and tiptoed awkwardly to the door of the tent. He peered in near-sightedly, for the bright August sunshine made the interior seem dark.

"Katie, eat somethin', you're all wore out. I'll watch."

"No, Tim, I ain't hungry."

"Please, Katie."

"No, Tim."

With the same clumsy attempt at quiet, the man set the dish on a dry-goods box, and stepped to his wife's side.

"You eat," she suggested, but he shook his head in disappointed silence, as he stared at the gray film of grease slowly forming over the rejected bacon.

"'Pears like I can't do much for either of you," he said dejectedly. "Katie, ain't she a little mite easier?"

The child in the corner stirred, and the woman flew toward the pallet, murmuring:

"Yes, honey, mammy's baby, mammy'll fan her and make her cool." She snatched up a gray wing, and passed it back and forth very gently over the child.

"I'm so glad you killed that hawk; these wings are the only thing we have to fan her with. Oh, Tim, she's so sick, and it's so hot, I'm afraid she ain't got the strength to fight with when the crisis does come, and I'm afeard—." It was a long speech for her, and she ended breathlessly.

"Will it be to-night?" he asked in an awestruck whisper.

"Yes, this is the sixteenth day."

The woman knelt on one side of the pallet and the man on the other: between them tossed the sick child, a pitifully wasted bit of bone and dry, brown skin, which the fever, for all the world like a real fire, seemed to burn and scar a little darker every day. So through the long, still afternoon they waited and watched hope come and go and come again. Drops of sweat rolled down the man's sunburned skin, and fell on his dingy overalls; he wiped it away with his blue, cotton sleeve. The strain was telling on the figure across from him; his wife's sunken mouth was twitching nervously and two tears—he hadn't seen her cry for years—gathered under her eyelids.

"Don't, Katie," he spoke hesitatingly, "don't cry. It ain't so bad. Maybe when Minnie gets well we'll prospect around Jerome in the Black Hills. I ain't been in that country for nigh on to ten years, now."

He had said the wrong thing in his clumsy endeavor to help; he felt it dimly as he watched his wife's face grow dull gray. It looked like a dead face. Her lips moved unsteadily, but she didn't speak. He knew that when she did, she would say many things, and he shivered a little. Slowly, monotonously and very softly, lest she disturb the little girl, she began, and in a dazed kind of way, he listened.

"Jim, I'm plumb sick of it all. I ain't going to prospect no more; I want to live in camp. There

I could do cookin' or take in washin' to earn some honest silver. I tell you I'm sick of this everlastin' hunt for gold that we never find. I don't believe there is any. They say folks is powerful poor in big cities, but they're poor 'cause they have a lot of worthless truck they don't need and can't use; they ain't poor with nothingness like us; they at least have people around 'em. Look at us, out here in these mountains, shut off from everything and every body, nothin' to hear but quails a hollerin' every night, 'till they most drive you crazy like, nothing to see but hills, hills, hills, that shut you away from everything you ever wanted in your life; they even bar me out from the six little graves I oughter see once in a while. Look at this tent,—a dry-goods box with some bacon and dirty tin cups on it; here's my baby on a mattress of mule blankets and gunny sacks with the only white petticoat I ever had cut up to make her a sheet. Some women hate cards and some a whiskey-bottle, but I hate a pick and shovel worse than anything in the world. They'll never mean anything to me but joltin' for hours over hills with rocks like fangs, and pitchin' a tent night after night in scrub-oak bushes. If we were in camp, Minnie could have a doctor and maybe she wouldn't die; she's a-goin' to die, my baby, and it's all your fault, just as it's always been—your fault."

"But, Katie, you ain't a-meanin—"

"Don't but Katie me, take your—What is it, mammy's baby want some water?" Her voice changed in an instant, and she was almost crooning the words as she bent over the child who had stirred. Tim's hands were clasping and unclasping and his bent shoulders heaved under the sting of her words. They were so just, yet so unjust. What she said was true, yet it wasn't that way at all. His throat seemed to be closing; he must get away. Minnie was dying, and he couldn't bear to see her; he must go away.

He wandered from one mountain side to another, vaguely, aimlessly, whispering over and over again: "It ain't that way no how. I been a tryin' all my life to strike a claim that'ud give her and the kids what they deserved, and what I wanted 'em to have, and now Minnie's goin' to die; we ain't got no more. She's goin' to die. Come, Minnie, come to pappy, see what he's brought his baby from Prescott." Why was he talking like that? Minnie was a little girl, not a baby; it was seven years ago come Christmas that he had brought her the doll from Prescott. Minnie was going to die, and Kate had gone back on him, Katie, who had understood for twenty years, had said—Tears came to save the poor, pain-numbed mind. They blinded his eyes until, tripping over a root, he fell face downward upon the ground and wept with great sobs that shook his whole body. At last, filled with that nameless, indescribable shame that comes to a man who has wept the first time since his childhood, he rose and attacked the rocks over which he had fallen. For hours he dug, swinging blow upon blow, breaking the stubborn soil and shoveling it out of an ever-widening hole. The accustomed labor soothed him, though things failed to adjust themselves. Twenty years of prospecting and he was poorer than when he had followed, as a boy, the lure of the Santa Fe Trail. Why had other fellows struck it rich no more than a few yards from where he had prospected, worthless, Eastern tenderfeet, who had no respect for a prospector, who ruined the big, beautiful God's Country with their unscrupulous dealing and lying, wild-cat schemes. Yet they had made their piles and he was poor. Then, there was Jim—Jim with whom he had worked, eaten and slept in these same hills too, for six long years, Jim, his partner, who had done him dirt in the end, and jumped the only good claim he ever had. What was the use of being square anyway? He always had been square and Katie had been so proud of it all, but there really wasn't any use of being. His pick had been hitting rock for the best part of an hour; the very blows themselves seemed to say "Nothing left but the grub stake. You're a broken-down prospector with the grub-stake ahead of you." Suddenly he dived into the hole and pulled out some bits of stone from one side; he looked at them a long time and at last let them fall like hot coals from his fingers. Down on his knees, he groveled in the loosened dirt and by the light of a miner's candle, which flickered in his trembling hand, he was able to see the out-cropping of a ledge over which he had stumbled, and there plainly discernible in the moonlight even, there, lying on the ground to be had for the asking, was the gold for which he had waited so long. If he could tell like that at night, what must it be in the daytime? It had come at last; he had struck it rich. The knowledge fairly swept him off his feet; he buried his hands in the rocky hillside, clinging to the stones with his fingers, and half sobbing.

"I'm so glad, so glad I ain't on a grub-stake. Its mine, all mine and Katie's." Then, partly because he was tired from overstrained nerves and overworked muscles and partly because the rough, old earth was very warm and big and soothing, his dazed mind grew quieter, and he slept.

Tim started up. "Minnie baby, did you want pappy?" It was dawn; everywhere quail were calling; a chill dawn-wind made him shiver. He loooked blankly at the ground, the hole, and then he remembered. He must hurry, run across the hills to tell Katie. As he looked around to get his bearings, he saw, not ten yards away from him, a rough pile of stones and he cried out aloud:

"Oh, God, oh, God! Are you punishin' me? I

don't deserve it. I've always lived square. Oh, God, don't let me be crooked now."

But for all the anguish in his cry the fact remained. There was the monument of stones, bearing in its center a tin can containing the name of a man—some other man, an Easterner maybe, who had followed Western customs, and a date—a date. There was a straw of hope at which he grasped. A few kicks sent the stones tumbling, and the can was in his hand; he pulled out the paper and read. A year ago, only a year ago it had been put there. He even knew the man, a representative of some big company backed by Eastern capital. And now his gold was theirs,—theirs by the inevitable law of the mining camp; theirs, because they had prospected the ground before him, had seen the ledge, recognized its promise, but in all probability not its true value, and had built their monument to show thay had been there. For two years, according to the blue law of the "prospector's code," ground and ledge were theirs, and not only for two years, but for a thousand times two years, if they came back so often to renew their claim. The tortured soul of the man looked through his eyes as he made his last endeavor to be square.

"I ain't never been crooked yet, but it ain't fair, it ain't fair. I deserve it and I'm a goin' to have it." Slowly, yet with great resolution, he scattered every stone of the monument. For some reason that he didn't understand himself, he couldn't make his fingers tear the paper. Instead, he jammed it deeper into the can and threw it as far as he could into the grease wood and oakbrush of the canyon below.

He turned his face toward the bright East. "I'll go tell Kate I've struck it rich," he thought. "She'll be glad, so glad, for she can live in town, and Minnie can go to school."—Minnie— why Minnie was dying, his baby, and Katie had said it was his fault, and told him to go. How could he have gone? He loved Minnie better than his life, than anything, yes, better than his gold that he had just found, and Minnie, little brown Minnie might be dead when he returned. A cold dampness seemed to pass over his whole body; he broke into a run, following instinctively the rail over which he had come the night before; his feet seemed to go so slowly, yet they were eating up the miles. There in the distance, he could see, at last, the dirty, white sides of the tent. He stopped, his legs refused to move and he staggered a little. Minnie was dead; he knew it, and it was his fault. He couldn't go on. A figure came to the torn place in the canvas, a shapeless, straight up-and-down figure in a gray calico wrapper; it seemed to be looking for something. He wished he could move. It saw him and beckoned. Something snapped; he ran forward gulping at the dryness in his throat.

"Oh, Timmie, Timmie," his wife rushed toward him, "she's better; she's a-goin' to git well." Awkwardly, he put his arms around her. She laid her cheek against his.

"Kin I see her?" he whispered.

"No, Timmie, best not, she's asleep."

With the same awkward tenderness, he held the calico wrapper close in his arms for an instant, then turned away and walked rapidly back over the trail he had so recently followed. He stepped forward bravely; there was almost youth in his face, and the "prospector stoop" seemed to have disappeared, for he held his head high.

It was no longer dawn, but morning. When the August sun slanted across the last of the hills, it fell upon the bent back of a man, searching patiently through the endless scrub-oak brush for a rusted tomato can.

JAMES MARYFRANK GARDNER, 1914.

CONCERNING POETS.

SCENE:—a grassy open dell in a forest some distance from Athens, a rude stone altar overgrown with vines in the center.

CHARACTERS:—Critias, Xanthippus, son of Pericles, Paralus, brother to Xanthippus.

PARALUS. Let us rest here in this pleasant spot until the sun hath driven past the highest heaven. There is naught gained by pushing on in the heat, for Delphi is many a days' journey to the north, and our strength will be saved by timely rest.

XANTHIPPUS. Thou lazy one! and if we rest here with thee, what shall be our reward?

P. My comradeship, brother, and fair discourse. What says Critias?

C. That he prefers sleep to that same fair discourse unless he himself be the talker, which is then another song.

X. See what thou hast brought upon us, O wretched Paralus! At least, I claim that soft moss bank whereon at ease to regret my good nature.

P. Critias, we are as thou seest, all eagerness for thy discourse. What shall it be?

C. There seems but one who is eager, my friend. For my subject—I speak on all matters at all times and equally ill in all.

P. Critias, thou art but—

X. Pardon me, my brother, but I do desire to ask one question ere this learned discourse begin. Hast thou, Critias, heard of that new outburst of thy kinsman Plato against our poets?

C. Assuredly, Xanthippus, and what is thy quarrel with that criticism? Is it possible that thou dost not consider the poets as infamous and untrue men who should, by all means, be driven from our city that our minds may be protected from evil thoughts?

P. What, Homer and Hesiod? Plato did not truly say aught against those immortals, did he? I heard angry comment on Plato, as I remember, on leaving the grove, but I took no heed, thinking only it was some hot dispute on his dream city.

C. I fear he has dared to breathe a criticism of those immortal poets whom you would like to place in your worship before the gods themselves. But come, what think you, Xanthippus, of this same monstrous proceeding?

X. I have not heard the full opinion of Plato on this matter, but I believe he says that poets have an evil effect on men because they rouse their emotions. Is that not true?

C. It is. But first, Xanthippus, let us be fair even unto this ruler of evil. What says Plato of the aim of the poet?

X. Indeed, I have not heard.

C. Paralus, listen thou and see what is said of thy beloved poets. See this flower which I hold above my shield so? Within the shield thou canst see another flower, the imitation of this one which I hold in my hand. Tell me, which is the true flower?

P. That in thy hand, most certainly.

C. True. Then this must be a false flower in the shield, for when I move my hand—so—it disappears.

P. Yes. It is false.

C. Thy poet, like the shield, shows false images, for he only mirrors the events of life and does not give life itself.

X. Yes, but if he give a true picture of life, even as that image is a true picture of the flower, is he then false?

C. Let me ask thee one more question, Xanthippus. If I held this flower above a still pool of water, it would be mirrored therein, would it not?

X. Most certainly.

C. But if you look at the flower in the shield and at the flower in the water, they are different, are they not?

X. They are, Critias.

C. But they are imitations of this one flower; which is then the true imitation?

X. Is thy meaning then, that the character of the thing which imitates changes the nature of the imitation?

P. And the poets may show the same things in life in different ways, some better, some worse, so that we know not which is the true idea. Is that then thy meaning?

C. It is. We agreed that anything that is not real is false.

X. Is that all that Plato says against the poets, Critias?

C. He tells us, as thou thyself couldst guess, that when the poet tells us of emotion we experience that emotion and thrill with it.

P. Is that bad, Critias? Methinks it broadens our sympathies and our knowledge.

C. One moment, Paralus. Thou wilt agree that when one goes forth to war he feels the noble joy of serving Athens and experiences an uplifting emotion which shows itself in his fire and ardor in battle?

P. I certainly agree, and in Homer we may experience that same thrill.

C. That is just my point. What do you do when this noble emotion is aroused? Do you go forth to encounter great dangers for the state? No. Even thou must admit that he sits and dreams and plans great deeds until the passion has wasted itself and another is aroused. Dost thou consider that a noble emotion?

X. Then it leads men to waste their feeling on past deeds and leaves them bare of sensation for the present.

P. I fear thou art right, but it deeply grieves me to think ill of Homer. I must consider longer how this may be true. MARY ROGERS, 1912.

ON THE CONTEMPLATIVE TYPE OF MIND.

THE dreamer ventures into all regions of thought and feeling; he can be a voyager into realms unknown to the man of action. His world is larger—a golden kingdom of the mind. The contemplative type of mind, aloof from the struggles of the hour, possessing a rich inheritance from past ages, judges present-day events in the light of history conceived of, not in its fragmentary character, but in its completion. This sense of life as a whole, of principles and laws underlying all development, gives the dreamer a true measure to judge events in their real significance. He sees the great things great and the small things small.

The qualities of mind that an active life develops, initiative, quick decision, self-reliance, and sound judgment of men and of affairs, all refer to questions of the moment. They are not powers to enable one to pass naturally from the narrow to-day into the limitless past and future. Action lays emphasis on the things that are happening here and now, and tends to make one conceive of life on earth as sharply cut off, distinct from the life after death which the man of action terms eternity.

To the contemplative mind we are already living in eternity. This world and the next are both equally real, and both one—parts, however different, of one whole. This conviction determines the dreamer's entire cast of mind, his sense of values, of proportion, and directs his aspirations towards the common goal of all contemplative spirits—the vision of reality behind realities. Remember how Vergil, representing in "The Divine Comedy" the guidance that human wisdom and philosophy can give the soul, has to leave Dante on the skirts of Paradise where Beatrice, who has become the symbol of Divine Contemplation, leads him higher to the vision of Eternal Truth and Light. Through contemplation we behold the truth and find peace. On the White Rose of Paradise (Paradise XXXI) we find the great dreamers, the great mystics, such as Bernard of Clairvaux, and in lower circles of brightness, farther removed from the Light of God, the men of action, the statesmen, warriors and rulers.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"The Book of Woman's Power," with an introduction by Ida Tarbell. Published by Macmillan Company, New York, 1911. Price, $.25 net.

"The Book of Woman's Power" presents afresh the problems which beset the twentieth-century woman either in theory or practice. It treats in a naive method various phases of the situation which are to-day arousing interest and stimulating investigation.

The book aims at proving that "woman's position in society is not now and never has been as inferior compared with man's, as the suffragists affirm." The author has been stimulated to write such a book because "suffragists have directly, or by implication, belittled woman's function and position," in order to vivify and idealize their picture of the "higher, nobler place the ballot would give her." Upheld with the "grave need of lifting the suffrage debate from the narrow lines it has followed . . . and centering it about a woman more nearly typical than the melancholy figure which so far has served it," the compiler has searched through literature of past and present, from Tacitus to Jane Addams and Gilbert Chesterton, converting each contribution into proof of what woman's position should be ideally, in how far it now falls short, and why.

The treatment is thorough and broad in scope, exhaustive in that it investigates completely this one phase of the problem. The compiler has given slight interpretation, but has arraigned before the reader cogent opinions of thinkers of various spheres. The carefulness of selection and the insistence upon the main purpose have minimized the fragmentary effect of excerpts. The reader is impressed with the lack of waste material and logical clearness which gives practical value. There is freedom from sentimental commonplaces of argument. Authorities quoted are those who have the matter well in hand. There is no pause for refutation, which narrows the limitations of the book and at the same time causes the argument to progress with unimpeded vigor.

First the compiler proves that "the hope of our future civilization lies in the development in equal freedom of both masculine and feminine element" in life—not from a blurring of their distinctive characteristics, but from a union of recognized differences in harmony. This is substantiated biologically and socially.

Next, as Miss Ida Tarbell says in her introduction, woman is given the fine historical perspective which is her right. We see her not "a sorry, neglected figure, the puppet and handmaid of man, but a figure of force and light as high as that of her nation and her time." The powerful influence of Greek and Roman women is recalled, the high position of the Teutonic woman as presented by Tacitus, the force exerted by women of the convent and of the salon. Lafcadio Hearn pictures the Japanese woman and Edmund Burke portrays the high ideal of an English statesman of his day.

Then comes a sketch of women in industry from the days of primitive division of labor to the complicated latter-day conditions. The author believes that woman is struggling for a place in labor where she is economically handicapped, instead of devoting herself to her proper field of control over the "agencies of consumption, their utility and efficiency, and the conservation of the ideals and higher energies of the race." There are, of course, evils of indiscriminate competition, but the ballot is not a panacea for such grievances. Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Richard Ely, Otis Mason, Olive Schreiner, Jane Addams, are among those upholding this view.

Next, considering women in government, history proves that woman rulers have not been successful. There are dangers in the modern woman politician. The government should develop the social and public capacity of men and women.

The political value of the family cannot be overestimated. The family is the social unit for which the state exists; the modern tendency towards its disintegration is false. "Out of man's protection of the family and woman's care of the family have grown all government, all arts and sciences." Moreover the family is the training-school for larger social life. Disintegration of such a basic institution can only be prevented by emphasis on the interdependence of the sexes rather than their

equality; by their heterogeneities and correlations rather than their identities or similarities.

The vote in a democratic government should represent the family, and women should be included in this representation. Amiel, Alexis de Tocqueville, George Santayana frame for us the aims and methods of a true democracy.

Modern woman should enforce her power through the strength of free influence, which is unlimited. She should give her unhampered and devoted interest toward the inculcation of loftier political and industrial principles, the formation of a type of character more fit to embody such principles. This crying need for the education of public opinion can be met in the home, where there is strength and certain effect of influence, however narrow the limits. Moreover, any party affiliation involved in suffrage would impede the disinterested work for the state which women of to-day can do, untrammeled by political obligations. John Ruskin, Mark Hanna, Mrs. Lyman Abbott are among those quoted.

Finally, "The Book of Woman's Power" strikes at the vital question, at the basis of the whole problem, the present social unrest, discontent, its causes and remedies.

Women are reminded that they "have much real power in their hands, and that by grasping at the parliamentary franchise they would find that in reaching out toward the shadow they had lost the substance." Why they think the shadow worth reaching for and what the substance is that is in danger of being lost, are carefully considered. The wrong kind of education is responsible for much unrest. The gaining of knowledge and the formation of character are not properly correlated now. The pendulum has swung too far in the direction of woman's freedom in choice of work. The author suggests practical and homely correctives, and presents a challenge in the form of Nietsche's charge that "through bad female cooks—through entire lack of reason in the kitchen—the development of mankind has been longest retarded and most interfered with!"

So, if you believe in suffrage, read the book and see if you can refute its leisurely and calm disproof of your tenet, if you can oppose a larger list of views more sanely fair. If you do not believe in suffrage, seek here clear and up-to-date opinions of thoughtful men and women, which will fortify your position and make you independent of antiquated, sentimental arguments. In either case, you will become thoroughly informed upon a subject about which there is much superficial information, and will profit by the breadth of grasp, the clearness of presentation.

"Mothers to Men," by Zona Gale. The Macmillan Company, 1911. Price, $1.50 net.

"'You'll help, I know?' I heard him say to Miss Emmons.

"'My friend,' she says back, 'whatever I can do I'll do. It's a big job you're talking about.'

"'It's the big job,' says Insley, quietly."

A big theme, this, that Zona Gale has chosen for her new novel, a theme that she has handled well through the very vitality of her belief in it. In the plain, practical words of Calliope Marsh, it is simply this, "That your job and ours is to make the world ready for the folks that are to come and to make the folks that come fit to live in that new world." And in Miss Gale's book, one sees especially the share that women, the "mothers to men," have in the world's "big job." The strong, quiet sureness in Insley's voice is the deepest note of the book—that sureness that the end of striving is infinitely worth while, the faith in men and in the ways of God that is ever in the soul atune to the eternal "Song of Believing."

So much for the theme. The art of the book is, perhaps, open to criticism. Purpose and point of view are the sole elements of unity. Two distinct stories with but slight objective connection repeatedly interrupt each other, and even in the end are in no real sense united. For a hundred pages at a time we completely lose sight of the protagonists of the main plot. Calliope Marsh, a plain-spoken, intuitive spinster lady with an insight into the heart of things, is the one strong link between the two plots. Through her eyes and in her own quaint words the narration of the two stories becomes one. To this slender thread of unity is added the more fundamental one of theme and purpose. Of the two stories, one tells us how Friendship Village caught the enthusiasm for "the big job," the other, how Insley and Robin Sydney together found the inspiration of true striving for the same end.

The story of the Friendship Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality and the astonishingly original methods of their work for civic improvement is full of humor and realism. Friendship Village lives for us full of real living people, aglow with broad and loving human sympathy. The charm of the village and the friendship we feel for Eppleby Holcomb, Mrs. Toplady, and all the village folk, quite wins our forgiveness for their undeniable interruption of the real story. Against this background of realism, the imperious idealism of Insley and Robin weaves the true romance of the novel. Into her hero and heroine Miss Gale has breathed all her own idealism—freshness, fire, force, gentleness, the love that abounds, the faith that transcends. In these two and in Chris, the irresistibly winsome child, personality creates for the

reader charm and atmosphere and an eager friendliness.

Miss Gale's new novel may lack many of the qualities that insure permanent literary value. Yet to-day it has its place to give pure pleasure for the moment and inspiration for the days that come after. Charm and swift freshness of phrasing, quaint, illuminating thought for the hour, at least, makes one oblivious to the absence of true literary style. The eager, earnest, throbbing purpose, the power of personality carries us beyond and above any shortcomings in the unities of the art of fiction. The gentle winsomeness of it all takes away all didactic unpleasantness in the insistent moral note. It is a book essentially of and for to-day. To-day it lives; to-day it charms; to-day it brings its message of living and doing. And while it lives, one feels in it, with all its strength and aspiration, the quietness of the gently falling rain.

"The Ladies' Battle," by Molly Elliot Seawell. The Macmillan Company, 1911. Price, $1.00 net.

"To those of my countrywomen who think for themselves this little book is dedicated." That there are American women who, with serious thought and sound logic, have taken a stand in the ranks of anti-suffrage, this book presupposes. Miss Seawell herself has thought clearly and to some purpose. Her arguments are, in the main, sound and presented with clearness and logic, with an occasional flash of humor that adds spice and interest to the reading. That "there are two basic principles against woman suffrage" is her chief thesis. These two principles of government are: (1) No electorate ever existed or ever can exist which cannot execute its own laws; (2) No voter ever has claimed or ever can claim maintenance from another voter. Both the suffragists and the "anti's," and most especially those of the indifferent who say, "I haven't thought about it much," will find it profitable to consider how Miss Seawell upholds those two issues.

"The Burden of Christopher," by Florence Converse, published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, 1911.

It is not always necessary to sit down with a bored feeling of pious resignation and wade through pages upon pages of argumentative and expository material in order to acquire the information upon social conditions which is justly expected of the intelligent college girl. On the Social Study shelves is a novel as delightful as any published in a long time, wherein the problems of the co-operative factory system and union labor are presented in such an entertaining manner and yet so clearly and forcibly that the reader, no matter how indifferent has been her former attitude towards social questions, cannot help but respond with sympathetic interest to the social situation there set forth. It is "The Burden of Christopher," by Miss Florence Converse—a novel which carries you away in enthusiasm for the success of Christopher Kenyon's model shoe shop, and makes you fairly "boil" with wrath against Peter Watson and his slavish treatment of his employees—a novel with such a high ethical theme as to inspire the reader with an earnest desire to study what methods of social reform may best be adopted by a Christian people.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM MISS HAZARD.

The Alumnæ Editor is kind enough to ask me to send a word of greeting to all my Wellesley friends at Christmas time. Indeed I am glad to do it, and send wishes for health and happiness, for life and work. This last may seem a curious wish to send, but it comes from a pen that is idle, and has been busy, and a life that has known the joy of effort which now must rest awhile.

Perhaps you will like to know what I am doing with myself. After nine months in Santa Barbara I have come home to Peace Dale, in Rhode Island, and built myself a house on land that came to me from my father, whose first deed to a many times great-grandfather is dated 1698. There, in the shadow of the trees of Oakwoods, where I was born, stands the Scallop Shell. As you enter, to the right is a little reception room hung with the Chinese curtains I had at Wellesley, and behind it the study, twice as big as the Wellesley study, but so like it that I hope every one of the more than two thousand students who have been in the Wellesley house at Senior parties would feel at home in it. It is to these two thousand students, my own girls, that I want to send a special line of greeting, and I want to remind them that if they received their diplomas from my hand, all of them, since 1900 to 1910, received them also from the hand of our new President, who, as Dean, handed the parchment to me. There never was a more loyal co-worker, and I rejoice with you that she has entered into the fruits of her labors.

And to all my friends of the Faculty I send a special word of greeting. We have had some very good times together, working for the college, which has room for very diverse kinds of service, and is great enough to assimilate all. Long may it flourish! May students and Faculty together make every Christmas the most joyful, every year the best! CAROLINE HAZARD.

The Scallop Shell, Peace Dale, R. I.

THE COLLEGE YEAR 1910-1911.

The new library was opened for use in the spring of 1910 after a very rapid and well-organized transfer of books from their old quarters in College Hall, but 1910-1911 was its first full year in its new home and, looking back, the wider service it was able to render was one of the great accomplishments of the year. The allowance for expansion and for meeting the larger plans of departments was so well estimated that the library seemed to fit as completely and harmoniously into the academic life of the college as it did into its beautiful surroundings in the grove above Longfellow, which is saying a good deal. How we could now get along without it can hardly be imagined, and over and over again has gratitude been expressed for the wonderful foresight and devotion which was the great gift to Wellesley of Miss Caroline F. Pierce, Librarian of the college from 1903 until her death, October 15, 1910.

In the old library, which is used for study by those who live outside College Hall, and by those within whose rooms are too convenient or too popular for consecutive work, there now hangs the enlarged portrait photograph of Professor Anne Eugenia F. Morgan, representing her as she was in the days when she took fullest part in the Wellesley life; and here, in this room so full of her gracious presence, is placed a collection of books in memory of Professor Sophie Jewett, that will often save an eager student a journey to the library between classes, or beguile her into brief excursions into the world of poet or playwright, novelist or philosopher, as she waits for an appointment. Whatever need the old library may serve in later years, it is now well used: a place where quiet reigns and much academic work is done.

Another memorial to Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer last year, added a rich treasure of rare books to the growing Wellesley store, and its presentation was one of the inspiring occasions of the year. An ebony cabinet in the Browning room was remodeled

through the thoughtfulness of Mrs. Durant for this collection of best editions of the works of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning; and they were installed by loving hands at the close of an afternoon with Professor Palmer in which he told of the interest of Mrs. Palmer and himself in their collection, and his desire to complete it as a memorial to her in the college which she loved.

Another great personality connected with early college days was made freshly real when the bronze doors for the library in memory of Eben Norton Horsford were presented in June, by the Class of 1886. Rarely does such an occasion have the felicity of arrangement and inspiration that this afforded; a perfect day and setting, exquisite and dignified addresses, were met by an audience which keenly appreciated the gift, the purpose of the givers and the man whose love for Wellesley and for science they commemorated.

On these two and many other occasions Mrs. Durant was present and took part. Her residence in her Wellesley home during both semesters made the year a memorable one; and her presence at almost every gathering of general interest made her such a part of our Wellesley life as she has rarely been since the early days of the college. During the year she presented to the Geology Department a fine collection of azurites and malachites from Bisbee, Arizona, and attended personally to placing them in some specially constructed cases in the new laboratory of the department in what used to be Elocution Hall.

In this laboratory is now arranged, in order, the collection of slides for geology lectures, long used by the college, which have become a permanent possession and memorial since the death of Professor William H. Niles, on September 13, 1910. A geology lecture room has been evolved out of the old gymnasium, and contains a large Leitz epidiascope much in demand for illustrated lectures.

As usual, there was a rich contribution to the college life by visitors fresh from explorations in many lands and researches in various fields. There is not space to mention all the avenues of interest that were opened or continued for members of the college, but Professor Hawes' lectures on her excursions in Africa during her Sabbatical year were especially welcome, in view of present African problems; and the sight of the splendid collection of fifteenth and sixteenth century school books displayed in detail by Mr. George H. Plimpton, gave rise to congratulations over the rich content of the curriculum of the present day and generation, in spite of its defects.

Late in the spring an experiment was tried by the Art Department that had a great success and is likely to become a permanent feature of the service of that department to the college. The work of the alumnæ of the department is watched with great interest, and they were invited to return to college for a lunch symposium and comparison of notes, bringing specimens of their work. The result was a most enthusiastic gathering and a loan collection of work in many fields of art that was open to the college for several weeks. This was in addition to the various exhibitions of art students' work held at different times during the year; and the department also offered space to the Botany Department for the display of plans by the students in landscape architecture and horticulture, for beautifying the Wellesley grounds.

A comparatively new organization, under the auspices of the School of Music, the Wellesley Orchestra, is now giving a recital every year which is being more and more widely appreciated. Last year their concert was exceptionally good; and they, with the choir, are offering a serious interpretation of music that is distinctly worth while, and does not in the least interfere with the lighter functions of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs.

The only important change to be noted in the curriculum was the introduction of required work in the Department of Hygiene and Physical Education among the hours to be presented for the degree. This meant that the class of 1914 was the first to have full benefit of the training made possible by the addition of this to the Wellesley departments. Observation of the Freshmen and comment on the new requirements was vigorous and sustained throughout the year. The reasons for requiring such work at all make the necessity for requiring it in the Freshman year a mere corollary to the proposition; but the fact that the Freshmen are at present housed in the Village has added a difficulty that would not be present were they living on the campus, and the bearing of the whole matter is bound up with the disadvantages of having the Freshmen reside in the Village. In spite of such a handicap, a careful study of the records of the Freshmen for whom I had any direct responsibility showed, in almost every case, such a positive result in the effort to improve their physical condition and general efficiency as to fully justify the requirement.

The year 1910-1911 was the second of the existence of a committee of the Academic Council on Non-academic Interests, which had at last sufficient data in regard to student interests outside the classroom, at Wellesley and at other colleges, to justify the calling of a conference in such matters. Twelve members of the Faculty and seventeen students, representing the four classes, met for long and earnest deliberation through the winter and spring terms. Gradually the bearing of the various activities on the college life as a whole was seen in a way that led to the reduction of the number of dramatic events

to be held in any one year, their distribution in the three terms, and various changes in regard to membership in organizations and dates of meetings. The problem was a very wide one and admitted by all to be extremely difficult of solution. The plan, finally adopted for two years, bears somewhat heavily on the six literary societies, whose open meetings had developed to a point where all but one asked for two performances at least, in their desire to present to the college public the interesting results of their year's work. The schedule of such events became especially congested in the spring term; and since the membership of societies is confined at present to Seniors and Juniors, the number of students in those classes rehearsing for public entertainments at that time was an important practical factor in the necessity for reducing the number of entertainments. The plan has been announced in detail and need not be repeated here, but it might be well to state that the determination of what organizations should give the several plays was left to the student members of the conference. The two years during which it is to be in force will terminate at the same time as does the three-year term of trial of the new method of election to societies, and any necessary modification in either plan can be considered together from a standpoint of actual experience. In spite of the limitations both to organizations and to individuals at certain points, the new plans are being met by a strong spirit of co-operation and willingness to give them a fair trial.

A new function crept in, right under the very eyes of this vigilant committee, however. For two years or more, there had been talk of a Tradition meeting, under the auspices of the Student Government Association. This ended in a meeting held the Friday afternoon after Thanksgiving, when alumnæ from many classes gave a history of the beginning of things, Tree Day, Float, May Day, the Class Serenades, Forensic Burning and the rest. The meeting was most successful in uniting the present with the past, the serious and the absurd and the tender, in a way that brought out the richness of our Wellesley memories.

It is planned to repeat such meetings once in a college generation of four years, and it is hoped that the next may take place in the Students' Building, which is sorely needed for such large gatherings as well as for the smaller entertainments. The heads of all organizations have a strong desire to see the Students' Building an accomplished fact, and the efforts to raise money for it were continuous throughout the year. The committee for this purpose tried the plan of asking people to cut off some luxuries and give all their spare pennies to the cause and not even at the ends of terms when safely aboard the Wellesley special trains could one escape the watchful committee, who, mindful of the high figure they had in view and scorning no least trifle, took "the last cent" their fellow voyagers could spare.

The Alumnæ Editor, in her request for this article, asked for "facts chiefly," and, in trying to give those facts, which gave the past year its character, I cannot omit the beauty of the spring of 1911 though this be putting it in a strange category. After the first hint of spring in the willows and dark woods across the lake at Mrs. Durant's and in the Hunnewell grounds, there were most bewitching spring days in which the oak trees unfolded slowly through their soft shades of pink and pearl and the campus was like fairy land, the weather conditions were such as to allow the oaks a whole long week in their most velvet stage before they put on full summer green and turned to meet their foes. For in no other year have the gipsy moths, and others, begun their deadly work so soon, or required such care on the part of the college to protect and preserve the wealth of varied foliage in the grounds.

It was in the midst of all this splendor of the Wellesley world that the announcement came that one who had loved and served the College Beautiful for many years had been appointed to succeed President Hazard. There was deep concern and much speculation when no appointment was made in the fall term. Of necessity this delay introduced an element of uncertainty into college affairs and was especially hard for the Seniors, to whom no one by any other name can seem the president, and who have in recent years had opportunity to come into touch with President Hazard and go forth directly inspired by her large aims and broad sympathies. During the first months one may say frankly they and others sorely missed Miss Hazard; but, as the year progressed, loyalty and appreciation were strongly focussed upon the one who became more clearly destined to assume the duties and privileges of president, and, on the morning that President Capen of the Board of Trustees announced to the assembled college the appointment of President Pendleton, the strength of this loyalty and appreciation were clearly seen, as, attended by the Faculty in caps and gowns through lines of cheering students, she was escorted to College Hall.

Looking back over the year, as a whole, one is conscious of a growing desire that the guidence of the college should remain in Miss Pendleton's hands, and a belief that the administration would be continued on a safe and sane basis under her leadership. The pride of the alumnæ has been strongly stirred by having one of their number chosen to direct the affairs of the college, and from them and their friends a steady stream of congratulations and promises of loyal support has flowed in upon the

college and its new president. There could not be greater proof of warm approval for the past services of President Pendleton, nor a more encouraging foundation for the success of her administration.

ROXANA H. VIVIAN, '94.

WELLESLEY IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS.

Part 1.

I have a friend who, a decade ago, dedicated a shelf in her library to the books of Wellesley girls. The shelf soon outgrew its inadequate limits and tribute was laid on another, that in turn is now nearly filled. Looking with pleasure and pardonable pride over this collection, I noted that almost invariably they bore the imprimatur of the best publishing houses in the country. That their circulation in several instances had passed the hundred thousand, I already knew. The themes treated included philology, travel, essay, biography, history, art and fiction, to say naught of a goodly number of classics that had been well edited for text-book service.

For a college that is still on the sunny side of forty, the output thus far is encouraging and if it be true of a body of writers, as one of our recently inaugurated college presidents remarked of the individual worker in matters academic or humanitarian, that the best work is done after sixty, a quarter-century hence we may look for a Golden Age in Wellesley literature.

Although previously, poems and prose articles by Wellesley girls had found their way to periodicals, the first book published by a daughter of Wellesley was "A Winter in Central America," a book of travel by Helen Josephine Sanborn of the class of '84. The year after taking her degree she had the unique opportunity of journeying through that narrow, tortuous strip of land uniting North and South America, and at the date of Miss Sanborn's rough and interesting trip, almost terra incognita to Northern people. The book yet forms a useful guide to that not over-civilized region. Miss Sanborn is well-known for her generous gifts to her Alma Mater, of whose interests she is now a trustee.

Before Miss Sanborn's book came out, Miss Katharine Lee Bates, '80, for the past twenty years head of the Department of English Literature at Wellesley, had published prose and verse of such high character that it took no prophet to predict for her a successful literary career. Her exquisite touch, her sure literary instinct, her breadth of theme, won for her swift and merited recognition and the amount of literature she has produced, considering the tax on her time and strength in the duties of her professorship, remind one of Matthew Arnold's fertility of brain when, a generation ago, he was cumbered with the cares of an Inspector of Education in England. In the line of her distinct vocation "The English Religious Drama," "The History of American Literature," the editing of several of Shakespeare's plays as well as work in Coleridge and Tennyson, with many a published literary essay, bear witness to the fidelity of her scholarship; in her avocation of letters are two books of travel, "Spanish Highways and Byways," and "From Gretna Green to Land's End," both charming as literature as useful for instruction to the wayfarer in Spain or England; two stories for young folk, "Hermit Island" and "Rose and Thorn," the latter a prize winner, written in the eighties; Chaucer's "Rhymes Retold for Children" might be classed with either text-book work or general literature.

Miss Bates's chef-d'œuvre has just come out in a volume of poems that embody her highest thought, as her finest workmanship. It is doubtful if a more worthy book of verse sees light in the first quarter century of our still new century.

Mrs. Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay, '83, is recalled in her Freshman year as a slender slip of a girl who came to Wellesley knowing Tennyson's "In Memoriam" by heart. Such a girl might be expected to be heard from in after-graduation years. So worthily and intelligently was her course in college pursued that she was recalled to the Department of English Literature for a brief period; after her marriage, with more ample leisure, her more connected literary work followed with steadiness and success. Mrs. Lindsay had the honor of beginning the "Worth While Series" with her monograph on "What is Worth While," a series to which she has contributed several numbers. Her most notable book is "The Warrior Spirit in the Republic," whose title explains the work; she has also written one volume in the United Study of Missions Series entitled "Gloria Christi." Her own experience as a mother brought out a book on child culture. Add to these more significant works various essays and now and then a verse and the list is not unimportant. Mrs. Lindsay has been for several years an Alumna Trustee of her Alma Mater.

Mrs. Estelle May Hurll, '82, was for several years a teacher in the Department of Philosophy at Wellesley. Before and since her marriage, an event which did not change her name, she has brought out valuable works on art to the number of fifteen volumes. Many of these belong to the Riverside Art Series and are largely used in schools and clubs. "The Life of Our Lord in Art," "The Bible Beautiful" and "Portrait and Portrait Painting" are among more considerable books. Mrs. Hurll also is found now and then in the poetry columns of periodicals.

Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, '84, although

mainly interested in educational, missionary and civic themes associated with unusually successful platform effort, has contributed two excellent volumes to the United Study of Missions Series, entitled "Christus Redemptor" and "Western Women in Eastern Lands." Occasionally a poem is seen from her pen, usually of a religious character, and always an instance of lyric gift. Mrs. Montgomery is an Alumna Trustee of her college.

Miss Eliza Hall Kendrick, '85, at present the head of the Bible Department of Wellesley College, has sent out some good work immediately connected with her department. In her serious treatment of a serious task she has a lighter side known to few and can do a rhyme with much humor.

Mrs. Alice Vivian Ames Winter, '86, was born with ink in her blood and early gave promise of literary success. She is another of Wellesley's children who has found time with the cares of a family devolving upon her, to make a large place in her social and civic world. Her interest in municipal affairs has evidenced the ability of women to be, as President Pendleton put it in her Inaugural, the good citizens who "must have learned the important lesson of viewing every question not only from his own standpoint but from that of the community; he must be willing to pay his share of the public tax not only in money, but also in time and thought for the service of his town and state; he must have, above all, enthusiasm and capacity for working hard in whatever kind of endeavor his lot may be cast."

Mrs. Winter has published two novels, both showing her interest in current events and her talent in portraying them. "The Prize to the Hardy" well illustrates life in the timber region with its perils and excitement, and "Jewel Weed," the modern fad for orientalism as introduced by travelling Swami.

Miss Abbie Carter Goodloe, '89, is another graduate of Wellesley whose literary tendencies were distinctly marked in her college years. Before leaving college she had tried her hand at dramatic verse and soon after graduating, while her schoolgirl memories were fresh, brought out a book of stories entitled "College Girls." Her more serious work is a historical novel called "Calvert of Strathore," a tale of French Revolutionary days, laid largely in Paris and the result of study in her years abroad. The Scribner's Magazine and The Century often happily apprize her many friends of skill—a growing skill—in the short story.

Mrs. Florence Wilkinson Evans, '92, has won reputation chiefly as a poet, her contributions being found in The Atlantic, The Century Magazine, but chiefly in McClure's. Several novels may be added to her work in verse, however, notably "The Lady of the Flag Flower," and "The Strength of the Hills." Opportunity for generous travel has given Mrs. Evans a cosmopolitan touch in all her later work. She has had some recent successes in the short play. "The Marriage of Quineth" and "Two is Company" are of this character.

Marguerita Spaulding Gerry '91 surprised and delighted her old college mates by a sudden and most successful appearance in the literary field. They well recall her gift as a "Raconteur" and to see it put to larger use seemed, after all, the inevitable thing. Her short stories in Harper's Magazine are now so many that we hope to see them soon gathered like bright, straying children in book-covers.*

Florence Converse, '93, has distinguished herself chiefly in editorial service. With a native gift for journalism she spent eight or nine years on "The Churchman" in New York as assistant editor and is now on the "Atlantic Monthly" staff. In both of these periodicals, her stories sometimes appear and aside from these she has found time for several books of note. One of them is hall-marked by being placed in the Everyman Library. This is entitled "Long Will" and is a story, as the title betokens, of the fourteenth century, admirably worked out. "Diana Victrix" and "The House of Prayer," the latter a semi-allegory, artistically told, are among her other productions.

Jeannette Marks, '00, the associate professor of literature at Mt. Holyoke, has made a good record both in original writing and discriminating compilation. In the former, "The English Pastoral Drama" and "Through Welsh Doorways" are her best efforts; in the latter, a half-dozen volumes to be used as English Literature text-books.

There are others who have contributed more or less to literature, of whom we shall doubtless hear later, as Miss Martha Conant in ballad work, Maryette Goodwin and Mary Stuart Mackey in philological researches, Cordelia Nevers Marriott with her collection of Lyrics and Songs of Wellesley, M. Alice Emerson in text-books, Grace Lewis Cook in a single volume of stories.

The literature of Wellesley girls who did not take degrees, but received their impetus from Wellesley, would make an article by itself. Among these Wellesley students would be Florence Morse Kingsley, whose "Titus," "Stephen," "Paul," and short humorous stories have in some instances reached the hundred thousands; Jennie Ellis Keyser, who has written a double score and more of art text and reading books for the public schools; Nancy K. Foster, Emilie Fifield Havighorst, Annie Beecher Scoville and Frances Delano are frequently seen as short story writers in our religious periodi-

*Note.—Harper & Bros. have just published a collected edition of Mrs. Gerry's stories under the title "Heart and Chart."

cals. Doubtless some have been overlooked and alumnæ contributors will be quick to add them, as they recall some favorite classmate or gifted comrade in college whose name was unwittingly omitted from the brave list.

As one glances through, even hastily, the growing list, the variety of themes and scholarly consideration bear fresh witness to the sound character aimed at and the high standards taken, by the daughters of Wellesley. To educate a daughter's daughter entirely from the books of Wellesley girls, would, to be sure, give her an incomplete education, but at the same moment a girl thus educated, would not fail to be an intelligent and cultivated woman.

LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS,
English Literature Department, 1876-1891.

Part II.

WELLESLEY GIRLS IN PROSE AND VERSE.

"Where the eternal tides of being flow
And Love doth garner all that Hope doth grow."
—Mary Russell Bartlett, '79.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

Auf wiedersehen. For we shall meet before
The throne of God. The drifting snows confuse
Thy footprints. Down the echoing wind I lose
Thy voice. So be it. We shall meet once more.

When from the grave of Time thou com'st again
To front my soul in judgment, witness bear
To error, failure, sin; but oh, my prayer,
My strife, forget thou not. Auf wiedersehen!
—Katharine Lee Bates, '80, The Independent.

There are women who make pets of their clothes, as men make pets of horse or dog. They have just time enough in life to dress themselves up. Looking back over their years they can say "I have had clothes."—Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay, '83, in The Warriors.

"No man or woman has a living wage who has no money to give away."—Ibid.

Two days beset my memory
And stir forgotten strains
Sadder than all the winter
Or dreary autumn rains.

Two days that in their sadness
Have still a long delight,—
The day when green comes in the grass,
The day when it is white.
—Martha Hale Shackford, '96.

True to its nature the nobility played with revolutions as it had played with everything in France from the beginning of time. It played with reform, with suggestions to abandon its privileges, its titles, with the freedom of the newly born press, with the prerogatives of the crown, with the tiers etat, with life, liberty and happiness.—Carter Goodloe, '89, in Calvert of Strathore.

A LULLABY.

Good be thy night, dear heart:
Soft be thy sleep.
As the birds in the wood
Where the night-winds creep
When they lie at rest
On the warm earth's breast,
Unawaked as yet
By the Spring's gay quest—
So be thy sleep, dear heart..
—Florence E. Homer, '86.

HE AND SHE.

Slowly he walked along the street,
Not raising his eyes her eyes to meet.
"She is sitting and watching for me, I know.
And just for to-day I mean to show
That I could live for a little while
Without the sunshine of her smile."

She sat at her window humming a song,
And when she saw his face in the throng,
She dropped her eyes and turned her head
Smiling as to herself she said,
"He need not think I am ever here
Whenever I know that he is near."

He passed, and all the long day through
From the early morn to the evening dew,
Each thought of the other and never knew,
That the morning slight that each had sent
Ne'er reached the one for whom it was meant.
—Eliza Hall Fendrick, '85.

CHRIST'S EVE.

The snow lies white upon the wold,
And furze and bracken bent,
Are wrapped in rimpled plait and fold,
A fair habiliment.

Through pines that dim the moonlit glade
The soughing wind sweeps low;
And shining clouds, like angel shades,
Float gently to and fro.

I hear the faint, sweet, distant chime
Of swinging bells, that toll
From hour to hour the lapse of time,
Or passing of a soul.

Rapt choristers, from door to door,
  Chorales chaunt in praise,
Or in the chancel's depths adore
  The Christ, in carolled lays.

Young mothers, crooning lullabies,
  And hushing babes to sleep,
Pray softly, while their happy eyes
  With tender love are deep.

For now the Holy Night returns;
  The wide world grows akin,
And more of pure affection learns;
  The Christ Child enters in!

Dear Heavenly One whose advent nears,
  A weary path is thine!
Gethsemane in coming years
  Will prove Thy love divine.

And yet when Thou indeed art born,
  No vast, sad prescience
Of contumely, grief and scorn,
  Clouds Thy bright innocence.

So may our hearts, that also wear
  The chrismal dews of pain,
To-night in simple gladness share,
  Noel's sweet joy again.
—Anna Robertson Brown, '83, Presbyterian Journal.

They are as pleased as a parcel of children when you praise them. They perk and prink themselves and ask strangers to compliment them on their climate, their hospitality and their pretty girls with as much ingenuousness as a baby of six who invites her friends to admire her new silk stockings. It is delightful. I never saw a people confessedly a society people so entirely free from ennui. Here they are, throwing themselves into this preposterous carnival make-believe, with the abandon of children. You wouldn't find a Northern city capable of tossing dignity to the winds and kicking up its civic and social heels in this jolly fashion. It takes imagination to do this sort of thing, and that's what this people has as a people. It is the Southern temperament, I suppose.—Florence Converse in Diana Victrix.

In a world of so many different kinds of love it would be a pity to make a choice of hate.—Ibid in Long Will.

THE UNREMEMBERED.

Where have they gone, the unremembered things,
  The hours, the faces,
The trumpet-call, the wild boughs of white spring?
  Would I might pluck you from forbidden spaces,
  All ye, the vanished tenants of my places!

Stay but one moment, speak that I may hear,
  Swift passer-by!
The wind of your strange garments in my ear
  Catches the heart like a half-yearly
  From lips, alas, forgotten utterly.

An odor haunts, a color in the mesh,
  A step that mounts the stair.
Come to me, I would touch your living flesh—
  Look how they disappear, ah, where, ah, where?
  Because I name them not, deaf to my prayer.

If I could only call them as I used,
  Each by his name!
That violin—what ancient voice that mused!
  Yon is the hill, I see the beacon flame
  My feet have found the road where once I came.
Quick—but again the dark, darkness and shame.
  —Florence Wilkinson, '92, in the Outlook.

MR. DURANT'S BIRTHDAY—FEBRUARY TWENTIETH.

Ah, pause a moment! Reverently listen
  To one dear voice whose music lingers low
Wherever Waban's tranquil waters glisten,
    Or Waban's violets grow.

Where'er the cross uplifts its death-won splendor
  On these fair towers, that thrilling voice is heard,
Urging, in tones unutterably tender,
    The same, familiar words:

"Christ first, my children!" O thou starlike spirit,
Gone with thy kindred stars to shine and burn,
May we, who now thy love and life inherit,
    Thy deepest lesson learn!
    —Marion L. Pelton, '80.

TRUST.

My beautiful life, with thy dome of blue,
Thy wine of sunshine, thy calm of dew,
Thy bird-song thrilling the forests through,
Thy blush of morning and evening glow,
Thy joy of myriad lives that grow,
Of myriad blossoms that bud and blow—
My beautiful life, I love thee so!
    Sing, sweet refrain,
    In my heart again:
God is love, God is love, by his gifts I know
    God is love.

My desolate life, with thy sky of lead,
Thy wintry sunlight, thy bird song fled,
And only thy snow-heaped graves of my dead!
Yet, through thy darkness, a glory glows,
And life is springing beneath thy snows,
And ever nearer the morning grows.
    Sing, deep refrain,
    In my heart again:
God is love, God is love, in my grief I know,
    God is love.
    —Helen Barrett Montgomery, '84.

But now I know. And now that I know, I think I must have known it all the time. I have always been taught it. "God is Love." "God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son." It was love that made that night so beautiful; Mary's love, the angels' love, but most of all the love of God, the love of Jesus Christ.

And it is good to think that God so loved the world, not just the rich people and the happy people like us, but all the poor people and lonely people and heart-broken people; yes, and the bad people, too. I wonder if they all remember it this Christmas Eve—that funny forlornity selling watches, and those two unchildlike children selling matches, and that poor old man with his white head bare in the wintry wind—and the shivering old woman over her hand-organ, and the whitefaced hunchback.
—Katharine Lee Bates, '80, in Rose and Thorn.

In The Night.

I.

The full moon lingered in the West;
The slow, still Night
Who seals our weary eyes for rest
With kisses light,
And brings a band of visions bright
For our delight,—
Too wondrous fair for waking lips to tell—
Was holding earth enchanted by her spell.

II.

The brood of cares, those crying things
That haunt the day
And blot the sunshine with their wings
Had flown away;
And naught to lead our souls astray
If we would pray,
Or vex the tuneful silence of the air,
In the wide plain or wider heaven was there.

III.

'Mong cloud-deer white, a flitting crowd,
The Huntress passed
With god-like motion, calm and proud,
And forth she cast
Her silver arrows, thick and fast,
Until at last,
Slain by keen light or vanquished by stern fear,
The troop had vanished, and her path was clear.

IV.

I turned me to my couch again
But slept no more;
The beauty of the sky and plain
That, o'er and o'er,
Sang to my heart, as sea to shore,
This burden bore,
"Earth's moonlight joys may wax and wane below;
But Heaven's all-glorious Sun no change can know."
—Josephine A. Cass, '80, in the Sunday Republican.

Mona Lisa.

At the Louvre.

Angel or Sorceress! breathe me where lies
Thy charm! O the dark wonder of thy face
Where beauty and malignity embrace!
The covert joy within the shadowed eyes,
The mirth upon the lips which knew no sighs,
The brow whereon life's conflicts left no trace,
The look inscrutable past time and space
Bespeak a soul which knew not sacrifice.
Faithless and heartless, Mona Lisa such
Thou wert, and he who loved thee doth confess
Thy guilty soul by his fine, artist touch—
His genius still unerring; yet not less
He loved thee madly though thou gav'st not much
Who gave of love all but its happiness.
—A. Carter Goodloe, '89.

L. M. H.

THE ALUMNÆ TRUSTEES.

(In response to a request from the Editor, I am sending the following brief notes concerning the work of the Alumnæ Trustees.—A. R. B. L.)

1. The Alumnæ Trustees are the representatives of the alumnæ, elected by them,* and reporting to them at the business meeting on Alumnæ Day. At present there are three Alumnæ Trustees,—Mrs. Norman F. Thompson, '80, Mrs. William A. Montgomery, '84, and Mrs. Samuel McCune Lindsay, '83.

It is the duty of the Alumnæ Trustees to know, as far as may be, the general feeling and attitude of the alumnæ in regard to matters of moment to the college, and to see that the ideas and will of the alumnæ have adequate presentation and due consideration in the Board of Trustees, in reference to questions that arise for discussion and decision.

This is a very delicate and difficult task. The alumnæ live in all sections of the country, are interested in widely differing phases of education, have had a varied experience of college life, ranging from 1875 to 1911, and in the outer world are engaged in many diverse pursuits. It is not possible

*Note—For the method of electing Alumnæ Trustees see the "Register of the Wellesley College Alumnæ Association," 1910-1911, pp. 9-12.

that they should all think alike, but it is of the utmost importance to know what they do think, that the college may profit by the insight into life that all these forms of experience have brought, and may also discover that the alumnæ, though so greatly scattered, are bound by the common bond of the college tie, and are still ardent for her welfare.

The most convenient way in which the alumnæ can make their desires and opinions known to the Board of Trustees is by sending clear statements in the form of letters to the Alumnæ Trustees, adding also to what degree they believe their own statement to represent the alumnæ, either of their circle of personal friends, or those of their community or locality. By means of such letters the Alumnæ Trustees may become acquainted with the currents of alumnæ thought, and may better judge of their extent and significance.

2. It is the duty of the Alumnæ Trustees to attend the meetings of the Board of Trustees—(there are four stated meetings during the year, with an additional adjourned meeting on Commencement Day)—and to carry their share in any service to which they may be assigned.

3. It has been asked: What is the relation of the Alumnæ Trustees to the college?—They have no formal relation to the college different from that of any other trustee. But from the fact that the Alumnæ Trustees are graduates of the college—and this holds true as well of the trustees who are also alumnæ,—they can understand, to a special degree, conditions as they actually exist in college, or have in the past existed, and how certain decisions would probably affect college life. It is therefore of the greatest value for the Alumnæ Trustees to be also made acquainted, either by letters or personal interviews, with the thoughts and preferences prevailing in the college at the time of the meetings of the Board. Such information makes it possible to regard from many points of view the questions which come up for decision, and also helps good understanding and the harmonization, so far as possible, of the different ideas and interests presented.

One thing should be definitely explained,—that it is seldom possible to bring a matter of any importance before the Trustees immediately upon its presentation to an Alumnæ Trustee, and it would practically never be possible, except in some sudden emergency, to obtain any action at this first meeting. For many matters that would with perfect propriety be suggested to an Alumnæ Trustee would first have to be considered by the President of the college and the Academic Council; and both such matters and other things of an outside nature would have to follow the regular course of introduction and action, and this course takes time.

It should also be borne in mind that in reporting to the Alumnæ Association, it is possible to do little more than state that the meetings have been attended, and the interests of the alumnæ conserved.

4. It is the duty of the Alumnæ Trustees to keep in touch with the process of modern education and its most progressive movements, in order to consider the special aspects of education which affect the changing and developing Alma Mater in their wider relation to education as a whole. This in itself involves a considerable acquaintance with educational institutions and affairs,—also constant study, research, and practical experience.

In establishing the Alumnæ Trustees it was desired to open a channel of direct and unembarrassed communication with the Board of Trustees. In fulfilling the duties of an Alumnæ Trustee we wish to know the desires of the alumnæ thoroughly, and to represent them as adequately as lies within our power.

ANNA ROBERTSON BROWN LINDSAY, '83.

THE NEW INTERCOLLEGIATE BUREAU OF OCCUPATION.

Through the efforts of six college clubs, one of which was the New York Wellesley Club, an Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupation has been formed in New York. It opened for business on October fourth, in Room 1504 of the Arena Building, 38 West 32d street, New York City. The following clipping, taken from the "Boston Transcript," states the plan and the purpose of this new enterprise for college women. It is interesting to note that Miss Muriel E. Windram, formerly of 1904, is office secretary of the new venture, that Alice Ames, '06, is one of the directors and assistant secretary, also representing the Bureau in the New York Wellesley Club, and that Charlotte Allen Farnsworth, '87-'90, is vice-president of the Bureau and a member of two committees, the Finance and the Publicity.

"The Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations, which is really a sort of employment agency for girl graduates, opened for business yesterday in New York with a registration of about sixty would-be social secretaries, laboratory assistants, office managers, editors, translators, social workers, lecturers, travelling companions and lieutenants of industry. Miss Frances Cummings, the manager, admitted that there wasn't a "help wanted" application on file to correspond to each girl's registration papers, but she pointed out that on the other hand the bureau had posts to fill for which no one had yet applied.

" 'Two persons have asked for women capable of managing small farms,' she said, 'but so far we have not found anyone with the requisite training.'

"The really distinctive feature of the bureau is its advisory board, composed mostly of presidents of women's colleges. Virginia C. Gildersleeve of Barnard heads the list, and among her associates are M. Carey Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr, James Munroe Taylor, president of Vassar; Ellen Fitz Pendleton, president of Wellesley; Marion LeRoy Burton, president of Smith; Mary Coes, dean of Radcliffe, and Gertrude S. Martin, adviser of women in Cornell. The New York alumnæ organization of Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Cornell, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith, Vassar and Wellesley is responsible for the financial end of the enterprise, and the board of twenty-two directors has been chosen from among the graduates of these institutions.

"'The bureau was founded,' Miss Cummings explained, 'to supply what many of the alumnæ of the various colleges felt to be almost a desperate need. There are, of course, many excellent teachers' agencies in New York and other large cities, but there has been heretofore no agency which made a business of putting college women in touch with the numerous avenues for work which are constantly opening.

"'Our bureau hopes to meet the needs of girls in two ways—first, by helping them to secure places for which they feel they are adapted and which will bring out any special talent they may possess, and second, by placing at their disposal a mass of classified information regarding the lines of employment opened to women, the qualities and preparation needed for each, as well as the special inducements, financial and otherwise, which are offered. We hope within a few months to have a special department with a staff of trained workers to take over the task of a thoroughly scientific investigation of the better paid grade of women's occupations.'

"The bureau is not by any means a philanthropic affair, except in spirit. It is to be managed on a purely business basis and the directors expect it to become self-supporting almost immediately. Every applicant for a place is required to pay a registration fee of $1, which keeps her name on the books for a year. The charge for securing a permanent post is three per cent. of the first year's salary, payable ten weeks after the engagement begins, and the charge for a temporary place lasting ten weeks or less is six per cent. of the total salary received, payable when the engagement terminates. No fee is charged to employers.

"It is not absolutely necessary for an applicant to hold a bachelor's degree, provided she can be conscientiously described as a person of 'culture, refinement and education,' but the bureau aims to deal almost exclusively with places that can be filled only by college graduates. As for the questions which aspirants for 'broader fields' must answer, the list includes details regarding age, nationality, religion, health, social affiliations, education and amount of salary and accomplishments on the side. There are thirty-three questions in all and the last of these calls for 'general remarks as to educational training, special studies, extended travels, or other information that would aid us in securing a position for you.'"

DR. L. D. H. FULLER,
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BOOK REVIEWS.

"Making Both Ends Meet," by Sue Ainsley Clark, 1903, and Edith Wyatt. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price $1.50 net.

Very quietly, very explicitly these authors present the actual facts in the lives of girls whose terrible struggles for a livelihood are full of grimmest heroism. There is no sentimental appeal in the volume, it is a scientific statement of conditions observed by the

authors and by other investigators who have sought information regarding the income and the outlay of New York working girls. The various chapters deal with the pecuniary problems of saleswomen, factory workers, cloak makers, and laundry workers, giving careful details of individual cases. In the last chapter is a plea for scientific management as applied to women's work, a plea which is based upon convincing arguments.

For the avowed social worker and economist the book will have immediate and lasting values; of that service this is not the place to speak. For the casual reader, the college student or the woman of the leisure classes, the volume has a special message, not by any means new, but more forcibly expressed than some of the older studies. Here is a vivid introduction to those commonplaces of social investigation which every thoughtful, self-respecting woman ought to know. Because the manner of presentation is calm, dispassionate, and definite, the substance of the book gains great impressiveness. A caustic brevity in the recital of the life history of certain girls heightens the tragic significance of every word. Even the initiated must be roused afresh by the cumulative effect of these little biographies, so tersely, so completely accurate.

To illustrate the method of the authors the following paragraph may serve: It is the account of a girl earning six dollars a week in a neckwear factory, in which she worked always nine hours a day, sometimes eleven hours.

"She spent nothing for pleasure. She could send nothing to her family. In the course of two years and a half she had bought one hat for three dollars and a suit for twelve dollars. She went to night school, but was generally so weary that she could learn really nothing. She did her own washing, and for three dollars a month she rented a sleeping space in the kitchen of a squalid, crowded East Side tenement. It was the living-room of her poverty-stricken landlady's family; and she had to wait until they all left it, sometimes late at night, before she dragged her bed out of an obscure corner and flung it on the floor for her long-desired sleep. Supper with her landlady cost her twenty cents a night. Sadie's breakfasts and dinners depended absolutely upon her income and her other expenses. As in the weeks when she was earning three dollars she had only ninety cents for fourteen meals a week and her clothing, and in the weeks when she earned two dollars and fifty cents, only forty cents a week for fourteen meals and her clothing, her depleted health is easily understood."

It is by such work as Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Wyatt have done, by patient individual search and inspection, that our economic problems will be solved. But no one can escape the burden of being responsible for the conditions described. Every woman who takes no active part in the warfare for better living conditions, for more just laws, and for more adequate enforcement of laws is guilty, not only of "race insensibility," but of actual partnership in the oppressions, injustices, and cruelties that beset the working girl. "Making Both Ends Meet," is, after all, a symbolic title. MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD, 1896.

"JESUS: THE MAN OF GALILEE," by Elvira J. Slack. New York National Board of Young Women's Christian Associations.

Elvira J. Slack, an instructor in English in the Adelphi Academy, has prepared an admirable book, not only for the students from high schools and preparatory schools for whom the book was especially designed, but also for the use of Sunday-school teachers and other adults who need to make the Man Jesus, live.

"To fail to see Jesus in his humanity is to miss one of the greatest lessons ever taught. One get the visions of the actual Man walking over Galilean hills and by the sea, or through the crowded streets of a great city, and his reality is forever unquestioned." "One who teaches needs but to show them (younger students) how to take our Lord out from the pages of a book and to make him live before them: not Jesus, a mode of living, but a young leader of thirty years of age with unstained heart; Jesus, a comrade with whom to tramp the Galilean hills or follow as he ministers to the common brotherhood of Jerusalem; Jesus Christ, the supreme need of all hearts, then and now. The parables thus become this earth's wheat fields and vineyards as symbols of God's plan, and the miracles become the adjustment God's love makes to our human needs. Most of all, Jesus Christ himself becomes a personal friend who calls out the deepest loyalty and devotion."

To make Jesus real is the aim of the book. The entire environment of Jesus, as well as the social, political and religious conditions of the world at the time of Christ, are brought out in a most graphic manner. Miss Slack has not dealt with the Man of Galilee in any perfunctory way. It is, indeed, a pleasure to pick up such a book and find it to be written by an expert who loves her subject. Her academic training, her experience as a teacher, her wide knowledge of English literature, her intimate acquaintance with the four gospels, all re-enforce her wonderfully tender and vivid interpretation of the Man Jesus.

The arrangement of the book is often topical rather than chronological in order to avoid certain debatable points. It would seem, however, that no confusion could arise from this arrangement, since the synopsis of lessons and the outlines of the individual lessons are clear, logical and scholarly

We welcome the scholarly note so evident throughout this little volume, for, oddly enough, the majority of books prepared for the enlightenment of the youthful mind concerning Jesus and the gospels are arranged after a "hit or miss" plan that more often misses than hits. The life of Jesus is divided into twelve studies, entitled:

Study I. The Four Biographers of Jesus.
Study II. The Country Jesus Loved.
Study III. The Child of Galilee.
Study IV. The Man of Galilee.
Study V. Jesus' Opening Message.
Study VI. Events in the Early Galilean Ministry.
Study VII. The Kingdom of Service.
Study VIII. The Widening Doors of the Kingdom.
Study IX. The Light of the World.
Study X. The Days of His Shepherding.
Study XI. On the Road Toward Jerusalem.
Study XII. The Upper Room.

A list of reference books, a list of forty-seven supplementary pictures, selections from the world's best literature and hymns and a map of Palestine in the time of Christ are given as aids to the understanding of the Biblical text. It would be a fascinating course for the average "grown up" to follow the book from beginning to end, but to the older child, the book must be a veritable storehouse of delight. "There is much in Jesus' life that makes striking appeal to younger students," and surely no one understands this appeal better than Miss Slack. We close the book feeling as if we had been walking and talking with Jesus, the Man of Galilee. We hear again with eager interest the ringing command, "Go thou, and do likewise." With grateful hearts we thank this wise woman who has recognized the need of taking Jesus from the realm of abstractions to make him a vital personality, a living force, a loving friend and the perfect pattern to our children's plastic minds. May all, who have the guidance of children in their hands, have the good fortune to meet with this inspiring and illuminating book!

GERTRUDE WILSON POWELL. '95.

A REMINDER.

According to request, the editor has been rejoiced to grant a Free Press column which is to be christened "The Outlet," when someone will kindly send a contribution which shall bring about that happy event. We know that there are many alumnæ who have opinions to set forth on college or alumnæ matters, who have numerous criticisms to make on the new COLLEGE MAGAZINE NEWS. Will not these speak out? Will not those who requested a place wherein they could freely give utterance to their pleasure or regret over existing conditions in the alumnæ world, and where helpful and valuable suggestions could be made, remember that a worthy receptacle exists and awaits eagerly its first possession. It is earnestly desired to start the New Year, the January number of the MAGAZINE, with some sincere and genuine outpourings from the alumnæ heart.

ALUMNÆ EDITOR.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1911.

THE MODERN PROPHET OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Lecture by Miss Ethel Buckton, Given November 25, in the Faculty Parlor.

By way of introduction Miss Buckton reminded us that the great world events of the present day should be as familiar to us as the history of the past. The sooner each part of the world is fully conscious of all that is affecting the other parts, the sooner all men will think and feel and strive together for the same goal, and the sooner will world peace be no longer an ideal, but a real fact. It is this world peace and sense of brotherhood which is the ideal of the Modern Prophet of Mount Carmel and his followers.

In 1844, in a far-away city of Persia, there arose a young man gifted with insight and deep spiritual consciousness, who declared to the Mohammedan priests that they were not interpreting the Koran rightly; that they had in reality helped to overlay the real teachings of Mohammed with meanings which he never had in mind. He declared, moreover, that the time of world peace was at hand, that all peoples would soon find that underneath seeming religious differences, the heart of all their beliefs was the same, and that for the good of every country the women should be considered equal with the men.

Of course, the orthodox people of his time hated him cordially. But there were some to whom his teaching appealed and who took up the cause with eagerness. One beautiful and gifted woman wrote and lectured and taught, much to the fury of her husband, who turned her out of house and home and forced her to wander about alone. Such a condition meant much to a woman of a country where an unmarried and unprotected woman is unheard of. After a time she was caught and killed in the streets of the city, because she persisted in following the teachings of the Bab. After six years of preaching, the Bab himself was cruelly killed and his young secretary with him. Before the Bab died he prophesied that a prophet was to come after him, for whom his followers must watch. In a few years, a young nobleman, the son of a prince, took up the cause of peace and taught, as the Bab had done, that the same God was the God of all peoples and that every religion contained some truth sent to the hearts of men by God.

Like the Bab, he was persecuted, imprisoned and sent into exile. After two years' solitary exile in the mountains, he became convinced that he was the prophet of whom the Bab had spoken. After a while he was freed, only to be exiled again, but this time with a following of seventy families who went willingly to exile with him. They were sent by the Sultan of Turkey to Adrianople, where they stayed for five years. While there the prophet wrote letters to many of the Powers of Europe, including the Pope of Rome and Queen Victoria of England, beseeching them to exert their great influence in bringing about peace among nations and a true sense of brotherhood among men. Always he insisted the spirit of the one God was in every religion, however beliefs might differ. He also suggested that there be an international court of arbitration, to prevent wars and foster peace.

Soon he was exiled from Adrianople to Mount Carmel, where he was imprisoned for forty years. At this time he took the name Baha, or Glory of God, which has given the name to the whole movement which he represents. Now the prison letters were allowed to reach the outside world, and through them many people of all nations and tongues and beliefs joined the Baha movement. All through the East are Baha societies and meetings, even in the worst cities, and everywhere is visible the great and genuine love which binds together the members, whether they be Buddists or Christians, Mohammedans or Zoroastrians.

In 1899, Bahoula, the great leader, died and his son Abdul Baha, or Servant of God, took his place. Although at first imprisoned, he was freed under the new constitution of Turkey, and started immediately to travel from one country to another teaching and preaching the message which the young Bab had first enunciated. A short time ago Abdul Baha was in London, where for days people of all ranks and stations, among them R. J. Campbell and Archdeacon Wilberforce, came to talk with him. Of course all conversation was by means of interpreters, but Abdul Baha never failed to satisfy his questioners and to convince them of the purity and nobility of his cause. He even preached to the people of London from the pulpit of two great churches, the Temple and St. John's, Westminster. His message is to no particular people or sect, but to all men, calling upon them to believe the Fatherhood of one God and the Brotherhood of all men.

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All literary contributions may be sent to Miss Muriel Bacheler, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest will be received by Miss Cathrene H. Peebles, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All Alumnæ News should be sent to Miss Bertha March, 394 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

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EDITORIAL.

OUR LADY POVERTY.

"To earn more, learn more"—"The prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers."

The former of these quotations is neatly emblazoned upon the walls of a preparatory school in one of the richest suburbs of Boston; the latter belongs to Professor William James. Taken together, they present two diametrically opposed ideals of life and education. The former recommends itself by its very smugness and brevity; by its eminent respectability and obvious sense and comfort. The other—but the other claims the first to be the sign of the "worst moral disease" of our civilization. "Disease" has never a pleasant connotation; the shuddering possibilities of "moral disease" force us either to challenge the truth of Professor James' statement, daring the risk of our commonly accepted standards in fair combat, or to airily dismiss the whole matter from our minds. The first of these is, of course, frankly more self-respecting. Any fear is weakness and disease; do we fear poverty? If we do, if we despise the hardness and difficulty of poverty, if the world of things is so much with us that the more "athletic trim" of poverty, the moral fighting shape, is beyond our knowledge and sympathy; if an artistic house and modish clothes seem to us greater desiderata than the ability to live deeply, heroically, with a fine, fierce disregard of comfort or ease or even safety, then it may be a matter of deep humiliation to us that our years here of attempts at reality have been so superficially wasted and hollow. If we do not fear it—and the presumption is that most of us have too much moral fibre to do so—then it is surely a challenging thing, this weak, wasting fear that is in the world about us. People do pay their way with what they have

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rather than what they are; too much in secondary schools material good is held up as the great aim of work; men are literally scared at the thought of material ugliness and hardship; in all the great and good movement toward universal peace, is the danger of effeminacy and loss of fighting courage. Courage and poverty! They are almost synonymous. At least, they are capable of being watchwords of a more earnest simplicity, a truer democracy and idealism in this college of ours than have been in it before.

Of Christmas.

This is our Christmas number—a Christmas number without any tree or Christmas stockings! A Christmas number that has to be announced, that does not proclaim itself by its very air of gaiety and peacefulness! But it is the best we could do—and if you could see the vast amount of happiness and Christmas good-will that is really in this magazine, you would be amazed. Happiness in the season which comes, year in, year out, but which can never become a trite subject for happiness; happiness in the fact that we are soon to be, for a little while, a part of the great working, common world, no longer set apart; happiness too, that this great friendly college will soon be welcoming us again to harder work and brisker living than before—it took all these happinesses to make up our Christmas number. As for the good-will that is in it, that seems to be directed toward all people who make up this Christmas world of ours, preposterous as that may sound, but especially, towards you, readers of this magazine, who have been so far patient with us—even until Christmas time, a thing which once we hardly dared to hope!

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DEUTSCHER VEREIN.

The opening meeting was devoted to the customary celebration of Wurstabens in Zeta Alpha House, Monday evening, November 6. A large representation of the seventy members was present, and the Verein was particularly glad to welcome Fraulein Muller, Miss Little, Frau Schmidt, Miss Cogswell, Miss Hastings and Miss Cook. The first few minutes were spent in getting acquainted with the German every-day vocabulary, and were the occasion of some anxiety to a few, but much enjoyment to all. The company then seated themselves about the open fire, and tested the merits of frankforters, potato salad, pumpernickel sandwiches, pickles and coffee, served by Lili Zimmermann and her committee, apologizing for dispensing with that essential to German gatherings, the long table. Dorothy Summy, the president, gave an eager welcome to the members new and old, and the program continued with a dissertation on the philosophy of the sausage, its presence in German idioms, and the amazing reappearances of the genus in manifold phases in German customs, which met with unbounded approval and enjoyment. The remainder of the evening was spent in singing German songs, ballads and folk songs, ending with "Die Wacht am Rhein" in heartiest chorus.

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At the second meeting, in Agora House, November 20, the guests were entertained by Fraulein Scholl of the German Department. Fraulein Scholl told of the struggle of German women to gain admission to the universities, their efforts to satisfy the hunger for study from the store of intellectual riches about them. Old as are the civilization and culture of Germany, the ideal of the German Hausfrau and Mutter der Kinder is as old and quite definite, and very beautiful. To change their scene to the universities these women have gone through a long period of determined and courageous effort, against obstacles of unyielding ungraciousness, skepticism, antagonism even. Our recital had the liveliness of personal reminiscence. Miss Moffatt, Dr. Roberts, Miss Cook and Miss Hastings helped the discussion, and Gertrude Cate, 1907, came back to visit. Marietta Brady and her committee served Kaffee and Kaffee Kuchen, and the evening was ended with more singing.

STUDENT BUILDING FAIR.

At last the much-advertised Student Building Fair came off! Monday afternoon found the hard-working committee tired, but ready for the crowds that flocked to the Barn from two till nine. Not even at first Barnswallows has the Barn been much more closely packed with people than at the great fair.

The Sophomores had left their prom. decorations, so that the barn looked very well. Down the center and along the sides long tables were ranged and covered with sheets, where the various articles from jelly to pictures were displayed. But before being allowed to gaze and choose any of the attractive sales, the eager purchaser was stopped and made to pay ten cents' admission. On the left was the grab-bag, then the ten-cent table, then the General Aid tables, under the superintendence of Ruth Curtis, helped by Katharine Duffield and Elsa Locker at the Japanese table. All the eatables were on the stage, cakes, candy, ice-cream and orangeade, served by Eleanor Pilsbury and her committee.

Among the tables of fancy work and pictures was the table of the heads of houses, where Miss Snow offered hand lotion, and Miss Gibbons, Miss Rust, Miss Lyman and the others sold attractive things. There Esther Balderston, dressed as a colonial dame, presided over a pretty dressing-table where "My Lady's Toilette" was compressed into dainty books. A waiting line outside a booth at the left of the Barn

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was continually added to, for Barbara Hahn, as a wonderful gipsy, was telling fortunes in a small brightly-lighted booth. Last, but not least, was the shoe-blacking chair where a fine polish was put on all shoes.

Altogether the fair was a splendid success, where both the Student Building fund and Christmas shoppers were benefited. Great praise is due to Edna Swope and her committee, and we all can feel proud that in the neighborhood of seven hundred dollars has been cleared.

FREE PRESS.

I.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!"

A recent guest of the college criticized our carelessness about windows and our borrowing habit.

First, we are careless, not only in our use of the window-sills as pantries, but in leaving the shades up at night. From the lake, College Hall windows, all brightly lit up, attract attention from many people. From the village streets more can be seen going on in our rooms than we realize. This is a matter reflecting on our college.

Secondly, our borrowing habit was also condemned. The only girl on your floor who owns a convenience like a hammer, seldom finds it on her own shelf. Borrowing in itself is bad enough, but delay in returning the borrowed article is inexcusable. We seem unable to distinguish between "mine" and "thine." This is "ourselves as others see us." 1914.

II.

In a recent Free Press article, attention is called to the irreverent attitude of certain members of 1915 toward academic work. Are not these "certain members" in a very small minority? and will not the other members feel a little hurt at being included in the general exhortation to more seriousness? This is a plea for a little more sympathy, a little more consideration, in the matter of judging our sisters newly come among us. Who of us looks back on the first month of college work as truly expressive of our ideals? Did we take a truly scholarly interest in math. and some other things which were not matters of choice, but of necessity? And were we truly infused with the Wellesley spirit, which finds joy in doing things well, whether it be lessons or play, and in making the most of every precious minute? Most of us were not. It has been a thing of gradual growth, of assimilation, as we adapted ourselves to the life here, and realized the great spirit of earnestness that is in this college of ours. 1915 certainly will prove true, and worthy of Alma

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Mater, in due time. But meanwhile let us not judge too hastily. 1914.

III.

Surely some of us questioned Dr. Fitch's recent statement that this college is a "place of leisure." In as far as our work here is not strictly the world's work, he was right. But he was also far more right from our own usual point of view than we would conceive offhand. Here is a proposition that will amaze many of us.

Let us allow a six-hour day, and then subtract time for sleeping, eating, walking, chapel, classes and class preparation (two hours for each lesson). Generous allowances leave us twenty-four hours out of a six-day week. Compute your own "free" time and be convinced that three hours a day is a fairly general estimate. The other twenty-one hours are mostly beyond our immediate control, but these three are every day "to make or to mar." In the face of these facts, what account can we give of our leisure? M. ELIZABETH CASE, 1914.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Thursday, December 7, at 8 P.M., in College Hall Chapel, a lecture by Professor Chapin on "Attic Grave Reliefs," at the invitation of the Art Department.

Saturday, December 9, afternoon and evening, Phi Sigma Masque.

Sunday, December 10, at 11 A.M., service in Houghton Memorial Chapel. Sermon by President John M. Thomas of Middlebury College.

At 7 P.M., in the chapel, vespers. Special music.

Monday, December 11, in the evening, Phi Sigma Masque. At 8.00 P.M., lecture by Arthur H. Pierce on "Aversions," before the Philosophy Club. Meetings of the Department Clubs.

Thursday, December 14, at 12.30 P.M., Christmas vacation begins.

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Your way is their way.
Down pours the rain, unslacked,
To the umbrella rack!
No time for turning back,
Weather—what care they?

Scramble, and madly search
Among the hundred.
Where's your umbrella gone?
Some one has blundered!
Yours not to stomp and sigh,
Yours not to reason why—
Off to gym, wet or dry,
Lightning or thunder!

LUCILE D. WOODLING, 1914.

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

In olden times a coat was black,
Or gray, perhaps, and sometimes brown
But now a mantle's rainbow-hued
And wooly soft like eider-down

For one is white, another green,
One golden like the pipes of Pan,
Some, Helen pink, some, Alice blue,
Some, dainty but demurer tan.

A sadly sober gray or black
Has cherry-colored neck and sleeves
A melancholy russet brown
Is flame-tipped like the autumn leaves

1913.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Dr. Gunther Jacoby, German philosopher and student of æsthetics, visited Wellesley on November 28 and 29. He lectured before the class in Course 9 of the Department of Philosophy on a German Pragmatist, Vaihinger, at 9.55 in the morning of the twenty-eight. The same afternoon and the following morning he lectured to the Faust class on Herder and Goethe, and in the evening of the twenty-eighth he lectured to the German department at large on Current Thought in Germany.

Dr. Jacoby has just edited a book on Herder in Goethe's Faust, which is only a side issue in a special study he is making of Herder. He is visiting America for the purpose of studying American Pragmatism, an undertaking endorsed by the German Ministry of Education.

Dr. Mary W. Calkins has been elected honorary member of the class of 1912.

The Sophomores burned their mathematics books on Friday evening, December 1.

NOTICES.

On Monday evening, December 11, Professor Arthur H. Pierce of Smith College will lecture

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before the Philosophy Club and its guests on "Aversions." Dr. Pierce is well known, not only as editor of the "Psychological Bulletin," but as one who writes with knowledge, with good sense and with lucidity on topics of abnormal psychology.

On Thursday afternoon, December 7, at 1.30, Professor James H. Tufts of the University of Chicago will lecture before Course 10 in Philosophy on "The Growing Ideal of Justice." Members of the Faculty, of the Philosophy Club, and of the Social Study Circle, so far as their appointments permit, are invited to attend. The place of the lecture will be posted on the Philosophy bulletin board.

ATTENTION! !

Please help us get the correct addresses of these former students of Wellesley! Mail sent to the last addresses which the college has for them is "returned unclaimed." We shall be very grateful for any information, no matter how fragmentary, either as to where they may be reached or as to who may be able to tell us about them.

Address The Wellesley College Record, Wellesley, Massachusetts.

3. Abbot, Emma Southwick; 1882-3.
17. Abbot, Rebecca Elizabeth; entered '75, B.A. '83. (Mrs. James F. Chase.)
36. Adams, Annie M.; '81.
49. Adams, Mabel Florence; 1895-7.
114. Allen, Mary A.; 1892-3.
116. Allen, Mary Waters; 1893-5.
127. Alling, Mary Rosalie; '77.
129. Allison, Clara Belle; 1884-86.
155. Anderson, Justina (Jessie) Southgate; 1883-4.
183. Aniba, Maude E.; 1900-1901.
194. Armstrong, Elvia; 1894-95.
207. Arvine, Marion Ross; 1889-90.
210b. Ashley, Ruth E.; 1890-91; 1892-93.
218. Attwood, Jennie; 1876.
238. Ayer, Flora Hepsibah; 1889-90.
291. Baker, Elizabeth; 1886-88.
300. Baker, Mary Emma; 1885-86.
304. Baker, Mary Josephine; 1901-02.
324. Baldwin, Jane Barre; 1884-85.
329. Baldwin, May Alice; 1894-96.
355. Banks, Cora Alma; 1881-82.
361. Barber, Daisy Lena; 1891-92.
392. Barnard, Clara Gertrude; 1887-88; 1888-89.
398. Barnes, Emily Clarence; 1887-88.
399. Barnes, Emma Louise; 1889-90.
403. Barnes, Jessie Lee; 1894-95.
413. Barrett, Bessie Anne; 1891-92.
415. Barrett, Lizzie Etta; 1883-85.
418. Barrick, Ella; 1887-88.
504. Bean, Annie E.; 1883-85.
535. Beemer, Alma Genevieve; 1900-03.
537. Behrens, Helen Eckstein; 1901-04.
578. Bergman, Edith B.; 1900-01.
585. Berry, Jessie W.; 1904-05.
590. Berst, Ruth Sampson; 1902-06. B.A. '06. (Mrs. Carl E. Hine.)
615. Bingham, Elizabeth H.; 1904-06.
652. Blair, Millicent F.; 1893-94.
705. Bogart, Phœbe M.; 1898-1902. B.A. '02. (Mrs. Rufus Van Voast.)
712. Bohn, Caroline E.; 1883-84.
717. Bond, Corella May; 1892-93.
719. Bone, Julia Ann; 1877. (Mrs. Henry Rice.)
721. Bonney, Emma Catherine; 1884-86.
751. Bowen, Eva May; 1893-94.
752. Bowen, Jane; 1895-96.
772. Boylan, Evelyn; 1892-93.
786. Brackett, Annie S.; 1875-76.
860. Briscoe, Bessie; 1879.
887. Brooks, Florence Howard, 1891-93.
890. Brooks, Helen Augusta; 1890-91.
909. Brown, Alice Wallace; 1883-84.
947. Brown, Jessie Crighton; 1897-98.
955a. Brown, Mrs. Mary Kennedy; 1890-91.

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CURRENT THOUGHT IN GERMANY.

Lecture by Dr. Jacoby.

On the evening of November 28, 1911, in College Hall Chapel, Dr. Gunther Jacoby lectured to the members of the German and Philosophy Departments on Current Thought in Germany. The substance of the lecture, in brief, was as follows:

"Philosophy is more susceptible than most of the other moral and natural sciences to the so-called spirit of the age." In Germany where it "is represented by single thinkers who are personally of a very different age," where the body of philosophers is made up of men, some sixty or seventy years old, who acquired their mental attitude beteeen 1860 and 1875, others only twenty or thirty years old, whose mental attitude is the very latest, there is no homogeneous movement, "but rather a heterogeneous mixture of thoughts based on the spirits of very different ages." The purpose of the lecture is to give an "outline of these thoughts as far as they constitute the present German philosophy."

At the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century Kant was the leading power in German philosophy. "The philosophy of Kant then meant an alliance between a noble idealistic philosophy on the one hand and natural science and mathematics on the other," the last two enjoying much the same deference as was paid to Kant. But this devotion to Kantianism was a survival of the spirit of the age between 1860 and 1880, however, and the rising generation has turned away from it rather more towards the philosophy of the German Romantics Fichte, Schelling and Hegel; or toward independent systems.

Originating with Neo-Kantianism "after the breakdown of Hegelism and the struggle about materialism," we have Positivism. The difference between the two lies in the fact that while "Kantianism was rather the philosophy of former theologians and philologists who wished to join natural science, Positivism was rather the philosophy of the naturalists themselves."

Metaphysics, however, began to slip into philosophy in the epistomological foundation of psychology in the problem with regard to the relation between body and mind, and prevented the Positivists from turning philosophy into a natural science. Thinkers of the latter part of the nineteenth century "started with a seemingly positivistic and scientific attitude, but ended in a rather phantastic metaphysics. The confidence with which German philosophy, after the breakdown of Hegelism looked up to natural science has by no means been satisfied." In spite of the undoubted services which scientific methods have rendered both psychology and philosophy, philosophy as Weltanschauung has had its worst times under the rule of natural science."

Beginning in 1904 or 1905 there has been a sudden change. The blind admiration for Kant has ceased and in its place we find a warm interest in Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, and deference for natural sciences has given way before the claims of metaphysics. This revival in philosophy is not as Carl Stumpf contends, a development of the old Kantian and positivistic methods, but something essentially different, and even opposite.

The change is clearly seen in the attitude of the leaders of the new movement, Rudolf Eucken and Heinrich Rickert. "The great catch-word of Rudolf Eucken is 'the autonomy of spiritual life over against its bodily conditions.'" Eucken contends that mental activity is not to be regarded as a mere appendix to the lower biological type of life, but inversely, the lower biological type of life as an appendix to the spiritual life.

In thus placing the higher valuation upon the spiritual life, he aims a blow at philosophy founded on a naturalistic basis.

The new movement has another champion in a new philosophical review called "Logos." In it no contributions from scientists are published. The name of the publication indicates the editor's high valuation of reason. "Only reason gives sense and significance to the life of culture, the mere facts of which are to be investigated by the technical sciences." "No philosophy worthy the name is possible without belief in the Logos of Life."

The new movement makes itself felt throughout the spirit of the age. A revival of Romanticism is everywhere evident and Neo-Romanticism is almost as common a term to-day as Neo-Kantianism was twenty years ago.

There remains still, however, a lively interest in natural sciences. But it is felt that "neither mathematics, nor natural science, nor inventions will ever help one develop one's individual humanity and to create out of one's self a new and higher type of man.

In conclusion; of the three types of philosophy now prevalent in Germany, Neo-Kantianism, Positivism and Neo-Romanticism, the first is

about to die. This is due to a desire for "an enlargement of mental habits" on the part of the modern students, and to the more thorough investigation of Kant's doctrine itself. The other two remain as leading powers. Positivism will not die out readily, for it is founded on facts; but it will remain as a foundation of scientific and philosophic research and not as a philosophy itself. Positivism and the present-day idealistic attitude are related to each other as basis and goal. You cannot reach the goal without a basis of facts, but on the other hand out of the mere basis you cannot raise a philosophy if you do not know the goal. The mistake Positivism made was to have overlooked that the goal of philosophy is not necessarily the same goal as that of science, and hence that a true philosophy will be attained scarcely, if it is treated by methods originally used for the purpose of natural science." The search for a new method in philosophy is the main problem of the new movement.

LECTURE BY MRS. MARGARET WOODS.

In College Hall Chapel, Monday night, November 27, Mrs. Margaret Woods gave an exceedingly interesting and entertaining lecture on "Oxford University," in which she showed us the continuity of the university from the fourteenth century to the present day. She was thoroughly acquainted with her subject, since she has lived for many years in the atmosphere of the university. Her lecture consisted mainly of amusing anecdotes of the past and present Oxford life, which made it clear that the same spirit of fun and college loyalty animates the students of Oxford as the students of Wellesley or Yale.

She told us that though Oxford of the present might seem to students of the past to be spoiled and robbed of some of the charm of its earlier days, it is still the same old Oxford—the students nowadays are partly consciously and partly unconsciously perpetuating the ancient customs which originated in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

As she showed us the pictures of Oxford streets and buildings, Mrs. Woods told stories about them which aroused the interest of all who had not visited that greatest of universities, and delighted those who had. The undergraduates of to-day, who, from the picture, seemed very like our own college boys, are required to wear their academic gowns to all appointments, and on the streets after nine o'clock at night. These gowns, usually thrown in a careless fashion around the neck, remind one of the early days when the gowns indicated that the students belonged to a religious institution of learning. The hood, now become an ornament, was then used for protection from the cold.

In the old days the students used to organize for the purpose of fighting among themselves and also with the townsmen. Even to-day, when any great event takes place, such as a visit of royalty to Oxford, bands of city men gather in the street to attack any undergraduates they can find. Frequently the undergraduates sally forth with just such an encounter in mind, no more loth to fight than their predecessors who established the custom.

One of the slides represented the tower of the library of Merton College, which is to-day much as it was in the middle ages. Students of that time had to study from books chained to the tables. Roger Bacon's works, instead of being chained, were nailed down so that none of the students should harm their souls by reading them. Some of the chained books are there to-day.

There seem to have been only a few laws, and those lax, which governed the students of the middle ages. But there were proctors, something halfway between policemen and professors, whose duty it was to patrol the streets at night with clubs and make the students go to bed at nine o'clock. Drinking was a common occurrence, and even murder was occasionally committed. As a final punishment, students were sometimes excommunicated, but as they then wandered about plaguing the people of the countryside, excommunication was not in favor with the neighbors of the university. Presently, however, grew up the governmental system based on the authority of graduates over undergraduates, which holds to this day.

Every year at dawn, on the first of May, the authorities of Magdalen College and the boys of the choir gather on the top of the beautiful tower of the college and greet the rising of the sun with a song. After the song the bells peal out their salute, and immediately after the bells a crowd of small boys at the foot of the tower break into a din with their whistles and horns. These boys are the present-day representatives of the Puritans who, sternly disapproving of any such vain ceremony of the Church, attempted to drown out the song.

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